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PARTING.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow come?
Parting at best is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee, henceforth
Night and day, Regret should walk.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

THE WONDERFUL EYES OF MADGE LOOKED DOWN UPON HIM.

CHPTER V.

LORD NORMAN went out into the hall, and down the steps, scarcely seeing where he was going. There was a stinging, aching pain across his face, but a far worse pain about his heart.

The Cheneys and the Lechmeres—and he belonged to both these high families—were bad at taking blows. As a rule they gave them back, and with interest—plenty of interest. But Lord Norman, seeing that he could scarcely return the blow, had to bear it.

For a time he felt stunned and bewildered by the furious indignation which raged within him. He had been struck in the presence of ladies, and undeservedly struck. This was sad, but worse remained behind. Tingling in his ears, as the blow tingled on his cheek, were the strange words the earl had spoken. He had called Norman a pauper and a beggar, and had declared that if he, the earl, so pleased, Norman should remain a beggar and a pauper for the rest of his life.

The lad had not the least idea of the meaning or the worth of the threat, but it stung and lashed him until the tears of rage and humiliation smarted in his eyes.

His father and mother were dead; he was alone in the world, save for this uncle, the powerful earl, and was virtually dependent upon him. It was true, he thought, that he was a pauper; but, at any rate, he would not be a beggar.

As he looked at the great red house, he resolved that he would never enter it again while the earl lived; that he would never accept another penny from him, or eat another morsel of food that came from his hands. Some day the place would be his, but until that day he would never cross its threshold. As he looked at the house he was reminded of the lady and the girl, and if the aching and smarting on his cheek had not stung him into the resolution, the remembrance of the smile, the scorn, on Sybil Delamoor's face would have done so. He could see them, feel them upon him now.

He sat for some time—how long he never knew—dwelling upon his humiliation and strengthening his resolve, and the evening was growing into the duskiness of an early summer night waiting for its moon, when he rose from the stone bench. He felt in his pockets and examined their contents. They were numerous, and from the miscellaneous articles he picked out what money he had. There was a sovereign, six shillings, and some coppers; and slowly mounting the steps he flung them on to the great mat inside the door, where the next morning they were discovered and appropriated, with equal surprise and delight, by the hall-porter.

The lad would have liked to have taken the clothes off his back and flung those also over the threshold of Cheney Chase, but that he felt was scarcely practicable. With his pockets lightened and his wounded spirit somewhat soothed he went across the lawn and entered the cottage garden. As he did so the two dogs in the stable recognized the steps of their newly-made friend and yapped entreatingly, and Lord Norman waved his hand towards them.

"Good-bye, Carlo, old boy. Good-bye, Tozer. I'm afraid you won't see me any more."

All was very still as he entered the small garden, and he looked round uncertainly. He had come to say good-bye to his promised wife, Madge Gordon, but he did not know where to find her, or how to apprise her of his presence. He flung himself down on the seat where he and she had sat so happily only a few hours ago and pondered. The moon rose, and, as if she had been waiting for it as well as he, Madge's small brown hand opened the lattice window, and Madge's face looked out.

Lord Norman's heart gave a bound of joy and satisfaction, and he sprang up and ran to the window.

"Madge, Madge!" he whispered.

She started, and looked down at him, and was about to shut the window again in the first moment of her surprise.

"Don't!" he pleaded, "I want to speak to you; don't shut the window."

"What do you want to say?" she asked, after a moment's pause. "Can't you come and say it in the morning?"

"No," he said; "I shall be gone then, "I shall be gone then, I shall be far away."

"But I am up at six o'clock," she said, leaning her elbows on the window-sill her chin in her hands.

"Yes, but I am going to-night—now," he said in an earnest whisper.

She looked beyond him.

"Now—this minute? Where is the carriage? I don't see it."

"There isn't any carriage; I'm going to walk. Madge, I want to tell you all about it, but I'm afraid someone will hear me, and find me." He ran his eye up the wall. There were the remains of an old lattice, round which a Devoniensis has climbed, until it had grown thicker and stronger than the lattice itself. He scrambled up this lightly as a cat, or a monkey, until he could rest his arm on the window-sill.

"You'll fall," she said, with a little catch in her breath.

"Not a bit of it, I could hang on here for hours, and the stuff is strong enough to bear an elephant."

"Grandfather will be very angry if you break it down," she said.

"All right, I shan't hurt it. Madge, I've come to say good-bye——"

"You might have said that down there," she interpellated; thinking dreamily at the moment who strong he was, and how easily he had got up to her.

"No, I couldn't—not so well, Madge. I'm going away to-night, and—and I may be away a long time."

As he spoke she looked at him attentively. There was a ring, an earnestness in his voice which she had not heard before. It seemed to her, child though she was, as if he had grown older, ever so much older than herself, whereas it was she who only a few days ago had seemed the oldest.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't quite made up my mind."

"Aren't you going back to school, college or whatever it is?"

"No," he said, "I'm not going to school any more. I'm going to begin life. I'm going on my own hook—I mean all by myself."

"I don't understand what you mean," she said wonderingly.

"Well, look here, Madge," he said, "I've had a row with my uncle, the earl. We have quarrelled."

"Quarrelled! Why, what did you quarrel about?"

His eyes, which had been fixed on her face drooped.

"Never mind, it doesn't matter," he said evasively.

"Oh, don't tell me if you don't like," she said with that sudden, exasperating coldness with which a woman resents the baulking of her curiosity.

"Don't be angry, Madge," he said. "It—it was about a girl."

"A girl!" Her eyes opened upon him.

"Yes," he said shamefacedly. "They—the earl and her mother—wanted me to promise to marry her, and I couldn't do that."

"Why not?" she remarked, looking straight before her.

He raised his eyes to her face reproachfully.

"Madge!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Have you forgotten already? How could I promise to marry her when I'd already promised you?"

"Oh, but I'd have let you off," she said, but without looking at him.

Without a word he began to climb down. It was the best thing he could have done. Out went her white-clad arm, and her brown hand seized his shoulder.

"No, no, I didn't mean that—not if you don't want me to give you up! Stay, I want to know more."

He came up to his old perch.

"Was she pretty?"

He thought a moment.

"I don't know. Yes, I suppose so."

The grasp relaxed.

"Oh, prettier than I am?"

"No," he said promptly, "but nearly as pretty. She was fair and pale, with what-do-you-call-it eyes? I don't like girls with that colored hair and eyes."

She smiled slowly on him.

"And you said you would not marry her?"

"Yes, and—and then there was a row. The earl flared up, and—and said things, and I came away. I'm not going back; never! I'm going to earn my own living; and what I wanted to say to you, Madge, was——"

The moon sailed up above the sycamores and shot a placid ray full upon both Romeo and Juliet.

Madge started and looked at him.

"What's—what's that on your cheek?" she asked with a catch in her breath.

The blood rushed to his face, and he looked down ashamedly.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said in a low voice, and with an attempt at a smile.

"Nothing? Why it's a bruise!—I can see it quite plainly. Tell me what it is, at once!"

"The earl——" he stammered, overwhelmed by a brave lad's shame and humiliation.

"He struck you!" she exclaimed, in a whisper that hissed through her clenched teeth.

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "never mind that. What I've come to say——"

She stretched out her hand, and gently—gently as the fall of thistle-down—laid it on the boy's burning cheek.

"How hot it is! The brute!" she murmured.

He put up his hand to take hers down.

"No," she said. "It hides it, and I don't like to see it. It makes me feel bad and wicked. Go on."

Her touch confused him. He looked round vaguely for a moment.

"Oh, this was it. I came to remind you of our bargain, Madge; and—and to give you the chance of backing out if you like."

"Thank you. What made you think I should want to back out?"

"Well——" He hesitated. "You see I didn't know whether you'd care to be bound to a fellow when is in disgrace. I'm only a kind of tramp now. I shan't blame you if you cry off. You see, it isn't as if you'd known me a long while, and got used to the idea of marrying me."

Her hand dropped.

"Do you want me to cry off?" she asked, ingenuously. "Perhaps you'd like to cry off yourself."

"No, no!" he asserted, earnestly. "I don't want to, I swear I don't! But I oughtn't to bind you to it unless you like, after what's happened."

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "well, I do like."

A flush of delight flew over his face.

"Madge, you're a brick!" he said. "That's all I wanted to know. I'll go now. Don't you be afraid that I shall ever forget or want to be off my bargain. I'll come back to you—I swear I will—when I'm a man, and I've made my fortune, and we'll be married."

His whisper rang with youth's hope and confidence, and from under her lashes she stole a swift admiring glance at him.

"And how are you going to make your fortune?" she asked.

This gave him pause, as Hamlet says.

"W—ell, I don't quite know yet," he said, but not at all despondently; as if the ways of fortune-making were so numerous as to render selection difficult. "I haven't thought it out quite. I'm strong, and I can do all sorts of things, and—oh, I shall see," and his frank, handsome eyes smiled up at her.

There was a pause, then he said—

"If I were you, Madge, I shouldn't say anything about our bargain. I shan't."

"Very well," she acquiesced.

"And don't you say you've seen me. I don't suppose anybody will ask you. And—and I'm afraid I must go," he added, but he still lingered.

"You must be tired hanging on there like a monkey on a tree," she said.

"No, not a bit. I could stay here all night if you'd stay and talk. But I must go. They might send after me, and try and bring me back. Not that I'd come; I'd sooner die." Another pause. "Madge, I'd like to give you a sort of keepsake, a kind of what-d'ye-call-it—token, souvenir—just so that you could look at it now and then, and so not forget me."

He fished in his pocket, and produced from that portable chandler's shop a penknife with many blades, some broken.

"Just catch hold of that, will you?" he said. "I'm sorry it isn't something more, and prettier; but you'll find it useful for cutting roses and—things. Two of the blades are broken—Smith minor broke them last term—but the big one is all right, and it's pretty sharp. Mind you don't cut yourself."

"I'll mind," she said, as she looked at the weapon. "But isn't it unlucky to give a knife?"

"Ah, yes! So it is. Oh! but it's all right if the other fellow gives you something, Madge. Oh! I forgot, I've got something of yours already. Your handkerchief, don't you know?"

"My handkerchief? Yes, I remember."

She held out her hand, and he began to fumble in his pocket with his disengaged hand, then he stopped suddenly.

"I should like to keep it, Madge, if you don't mind," he said simply.

"But that's nothing. You'll lose it."

"No, I shan't," he said.

"Isn't there anything else I can give you?" she asked.

He pondered for a moment, his eyes on her face. Then he said—

"I suppose you couldn't give me a bit of your hair—just a little bit?"

"I could," she said. But she hesitated. Then she opened the knife. "Cut as much as you want," she said, bending down her head.

"I can't," he said ruefully; "I've only got one hand."

She left the window, and returned with a pair of scissors.

"You can cut it with these," she said.

"I'll try," he said. "I won't cut much. I say, what beautiful hair you've got! And such a lot! You won't miss that little bit, will you?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said.

He dexterously cut and caught the small lock of soft black hair in the palm of his hand.

"There's an old envelope in my breast pocket," he said; "if you'll take it out and put the hair in it."

She dived into the pocket, and got the envelope, and enclosed the look.

"Thanks!" he said. "Just put it in my waistcoat pocket, please. Put it in safely: I shouldn't like to lose it."

She obeyed with innocent gravity.

"You'll lose it in a week," she said.

"Oh, no, I shan't," he retorted. "You'll see! And now I must go. Good-bye, Madge!"

She leant over, and looked down at his moonlit face.

"Can you come an inch or two higher?"

He raised himself so that his face was nearly level with hers; and softly, swiftly as a bird skims over the sea, she stooped and touched his bruised cheek with her lips. "Good-bye!" she murmured.

Before he could recover from this strange thrill, the delighted astonishment, she had withdrawn her head and closed the window.

But, as he began to descend, the window opened slightly, and the wonderful eyes looked down upon him. "Good-bye!" she murmured again. "And don't forget!"

CHAPTER VI.

LORD NORMAN gained the high road and walked quickly away from Chesney Chase, keeping to the shadowed side of the road, and now and again stopping to look behind him and listen.

It was a lovely night, full of sweet scents and sounds, for the dew was on the flowers, and the nightingales sang to cheer him on his way.

He felt very lonely, and a little sad, but he kept his heart up, and walked with his handsome head erect. He was his own master now, and he kept telling himself that he had to make his fortune as soon as possible, and return to marry Madge Gordon. It was true that he would be the earl and owner of Chesney Chase some day, when his uncle died; but he would not wait for that—his uncle might live for years—ten, twenty, thirty, perhaps—and Lord Norman had no desire for his uncle's death. No, he would make his own fortune, and be independent of everybody; the earl included. No one should have the right to call him a pauper.

As to the mode of making his fortune he was not quite decided. He recalled all the stories of lads who had run away from home and become millionaires, but none of them seemed to fit his case exactly. They had generally been sons of working people, and had invariably carried their wardrobe in a red pocket handkerchief and half-a-crown in their pockets. Lord Norman was poorer than any of these heroes, for he had no wardrobe save that which he carried on his back, and he had left his last penny on the mat at Chesney Chase. The road ran straight for some miles, then it split into a fork, with a finger-post pointing down each road. Lord Norman looked up at it, and decided to take the road to the left, which the finger-post declared led to Dexmouth. The name sounded like that of a town, and perhaps he could find some work there.

He trudged on briskly, and presently climbed a big hill. When he arrived at the top he was surprised to see the sea lying below him, a sheet of steel-blue water rippling sleepily in the moonlight. It was so beautiful, so peaceful that Lord Norman sat down upon a bank to take a short rest. Somehow or other, the sea reminded him of Madge. He took out the envelope containing the wisp of hair, and looked at it thoughtfully, recalling their parting. No! he would never marry anyone else, never!

As he was putting the envelope back in his waistcoat pocket, he heard a strange noise near him. It seemed like a sigh, and Lord Norman sprang to his feet and looked round, and was rather startled as a human form rose from the ground immediately behind him, and stood silently regarding him.

The apparition was a lad of about Lord Norman's size, and was dressed like a sailor. The silence was so prolonged as to be unendurable, and Lord Norman broke it with the school-boy greeting—

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" responded the other boy. "What are you doing here?"

"Resting," replied Lord Norman, with some dignity. "What are you doing?"

"Dossing," said the boy.

"Doss——?"

"Sleepin'," he explained. As he spoke he looked round cautiously, and then, with a yawn, inquired, "I say, can you tell me which is the nearest way to London?"

Lord Norman thought for a moment.

"That," he said, pointing in the direction from which he had come. "You will get to the London road at the bottom of this one. It's a long way. Are you going to walk?"

"I suppose so," he said. "Perhaps. I shall see." He yawned again, and took out a pipe and lit it. "Have a smoke?" he asked.

Lord Norman declined.

"You're a sailor, I suppose?" he said, looking at the other lad's clothes.

The boy glanced at him suspiciously.

"No, I ain't—oh, you mean because of my togs. They ain't mine, they're my brother's. I put 'em on just for a lark; and I wish I hadn't."

"Why, don't you like them?" asked Lord Norman, who had thought the blue trousers and serge jacket, open at the throat, and the spotted blue scarf, particularly cool and jolly.

The boy shook his head.

"No, I hate 'em. You don't happen to have anything to eat in your pocket, do you?" he added with feigned carelessness.

"No, I haven't," said Lord Norman rather ruefully, for he himself was beginning to feel hungry.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said the boy nonchalantly. He flung himself down on the bank, and smoked with evident enjoyment, though every now and then he took the pipe from his mouth and seemed to listen.

"Where are you going, mate?" he asked.

Lord Norman did not quite like being called "mate," but answered promptly enough—

"To Dexmouth."

"Oh!" said the boy shortly. "Looking work, I expect?"

Lord Norman nodded. "Yes."

"What's your line?"

Lord Norman thought for a moment.

"I am not particular," he said.

The boy grinned.

"Then you'll be easily satisfied," he said. "You don't look as if you'd done much work," he added, scanning Lord Norman's figure and his slim white hands keenly.

Lord Norman colored.

"Not very much," he said. "I must be going now. Good-night."

"Good-night," said the boy. "It'll be dark presently—thank goodness."

"Why do you want it to be dark?" Lord Norman could not help asking.

"Oh, nothing, only fancy," replied the boy evasively; then, as Lord Norman was going, he said—

"You like these togs of mine, don't you?"

"They're not bad," said Lord Norman, eyeing them gravely, but with a covert favor which the boy's sharp eyes detected.

"Look here," he said, I'll swop 'em for yours if you like. Mind, I don't particularly want to, but if you fancy 'em——"

Lord Norman shook his head. The idea at the first shock did not please him.

"You think you'd have the worst of the bargain?" said the boy. "You think they're not as good as yours? Well, perhaps they aint. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a bob in."

While the boy had been making the offer, it had occurred to Lord Norman that if the exchange were made it would help him to escape. In any hue and cry, that the earl might make after him, he would be described as wearing the clothes in which he had left the Chase.

"Well? Not enough?" said the boy, as Lord Norman pondered. "We'll say two bob; mind, I'm not going to advance on that. Take it or leave it."

"Very well," said Lord Norman.

The boy, looking immensely relieved, whipped off his jacket and trousers, and Lord Norman followed his example; but before doing so he carefully emptied his pockets, and held Madge's handkerchief and the lock of hair tightly in his hand.

In a very few moments the exchange was made and the two lads were transformed.

The boy handed the two shillings to Lord Norman, and looked down at his newly-acquired clothes with a grin of satisfaction.

"What a juggins you must be!" he said. "This 'ere suit is worth three times—four times as much as them. Why you can buy 'em in any of the ports for a sovereign, and these swell togs of yours must have cost pounds. They're nearly new, too."

Lord Norman looked at him gravely.

"I'm satisfied if you are," he said. "Good-night," and he turned to go; but the boy called him cautiously.

"I say, if—if anyone should ask you if you've seen me, you can say 'No,' or rather you can say 'Yes,' and that I'm on my way to Portsmouth. See?"

Lord Norman did not design to reply, but walked on, and presently a stone whizzed past his head.

Now Lord Norman could stand being cheated, but this was a little too much. He caught up a stone, took careful aim and fired, and felt a glow of satisfaction as a howl of pain and rage informed him that his shot had hit the mark.

As the boy had said, it was nearly morning by this time, and the moon had dropped down and left the heavens dark. Down below in the hollow he could see the lights of the town twinkling in the gloom, and he quickened his pace. He was very hungry and wanted his breakfast, but the feeling was by no means unpleasant or troublesome now, for he had a large capital of two shillings. He was wondering how soon the shops would be open, and what would be the cheapest and most satisfying thing he could buy, hesitating between a bun and a glass of milk or some chocolate and lemonade, when two men sprang out of a narrow lane, and, seizing him by the arms, proceeded to swear at and bang him about the head.

Lord Norman fought and struggled with all his might, but only succeeded in making his captors furious and more sulky.

"Stow it, d'ye hear, you young devil?" exclaimed one in a rough, but not altogether ill-humored voice. "What's the use of struggling and kicking like a young wild cat? You've got to come back, and you know it. Ah, would you!" for Lord Norman, who had learnt to box, and been the hero of several tremendous battles, struck out and landed a scientific blow on the man's head. "Why, you young varmint, you deserve the rope's end, and by Jingo you'll get it when we get you aboard."

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

BE GLAD.

BY W. W. L.

Sing songs that are tender and sweet,
Forget that life has sorrow;
Though dark the skies may be to-day,
The sun will shine to-morrow.

Let song and laughter rule,
Throw to the winds all sadness;
Let music rule life's little hour,
With love, and faith, and gladness.

Match Making.

BY R. S.

"BUT don't fortune-tellers ever foretell the future correctly, Doctor Lassalis?" somebody asked; and the handsome physician answered with a smile.

"Of course they do, madam. Why, I had a very remarkable experience of it myself; but there was nothing supernatural about the case, although it seemed very remarkable at the time. The affair perfectly astonished me, I know, but there was nothing in it. The fortune-teller was clever—and lucky, except in one particular. Given the two things together, cleverness and luck, and you get some very startling fulfilments of prophecy. I will tell you the story as it happened, and you will see how thoroughly mysterious it appeared."

We all gathered round to listen, and Doctor Lassalis began:

The events I am about to narrate happened when I was quite a young man—shortly after I had started practice for myself. I was working in rather a low neighborhood, Westminster way, and one day when I was passing through the very worst street in it, an old Jewess ran out of a house, and begged me in great excitement, to come in and see a patient. I thought from her manner that the case must be an urgent one. I followed her up two or three flights of uncarpeted stairs to the top of the house. There she took me into an attic, where a young man way lying, fully dressed, on a bed. his face all covered with cuts and bruises. He had evidently been fighting, but none of the wounds were in the least dangerous. I said that they need not feel the least anxiety, but to my surprise the old Jewess, who had been so anxious to secure my help, showed very little interest now in my words. She evinced not the least feeling of relief.

"It will be a good fortnight before he gets his good looks back," she said, grumbling. "He is a handsome boy, really, but look at him now."

The young man certainly did not look a handsome object, with his blackened eyes and swollen nose. I did what I could for him, contented myself with a trifle for my fee, and was about to go, when the old woman begged me to let her tell my fortune.

"I haven't been able to pay you what I ought to do, doctor," she pleaded; "please let me tell you the secrets of the future, to make up for it. I can read in the lines of your face the name of the lady you will marry. It won't take me a minute."

I turned it off with a laugh, of course, at first, but the old soul seemed so overwhelmingly grateful, and anxious to oblige me in the matter of my future life, that I agreed to have my wife's name read in the lines of my face just to please her. She took it for granted, I suppose, that I was not married or engaged, and I happened to be neither in those days.

Well, she would not tell me my fortune straight away, she must take me into her "hall of mystery," as she called it, on the first floor. The hall of mystery surprised me in a squalid house like that, for it was quite handsomely furnished. It was only a little room, but the chairs were gilded and upholstered in red velvet, and the walls were almost covered with mirrors. I sat on one of the gilded chairs in the centre of the room, and the old Jewess lighted a powerful lamp (silver it seemed to be made of), and threw the light full on my face, by means of a sort of reflector. Then the old hag bent forward, and pointing her bony forefinger at me, pretended to read letters in the lines of my face. She spelled them out slow—M-a-r-y W-o-l-l-a-s-t-o-n—Mary Wollaston. "There, that is the lady you are fated to marry," she said, and turned out the lamp.

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Many young gentlemen would give a great deal to know that much."

"Well; it would save trouble, perhaps," I laughed, as I got up to go, and I left the house, wondering why I had been so foolish as to sit there and see my stupid face reflected in a score of mirrors, while the old hag tried to fool me.

I wrote down the name of Mary Wollaston, however, in a pocket-book, just to give my Jewish old friend's prophesying powers fair play, and then forgot all about the manner.

The doctor paused, as though he had finished a chapter in his recital, and somebody who did not know his wife's name, said impatiently:

"And you did marry a Mary Wollaston, I suppose, doctor. How wonderful!"

"Oh! no, I did not," replied Lassalis, laughing. "The wonderful part of my story has not begun yet.

Well! as I said, I forgot all about the matter (he went on, beginning his second chapter), until about six months later, when I had a holiday, and my friend, Guildleroy, asked me down to his place in Devonshire for a week or two. Guildleroy met me at the little station with an open carriage, to drive me over to his place, and we were rolling along the hot road—it was a fearfully hot Sunday evening—when we passed two young ladies coming in the opposite direction. I did not notice them myself till Guildleroy said, suddenly: "Look, Lassalis! how that girl is staring at you; do you know her?"

We were just abreast of them as I turned to look at the young lady.

"No, I have never seen her before," I answered, in an undertone to my friend; and just as I spoke, the girl fainted—fainted dead away, and would have fallen if the other one had not caught her.

"Hello!" said Guildleroy, "she seems to know you, my boy. Be sure your sins will find you out."

I cut his joking short, however, by jumping out of the phaeton, and offering my assistance to the ladies, or rather to one of them, for the pretty one was still unconscious.

"The pretty one!" somebody interrupted.

Yes—beautiful, I should say. That was the one who had stared at me so noticeably, and then fainted. The other was just a plain, healthy-looking, ugly girl—the beauty's governess, as I found out later.

Well! I introduced myself as a doctor, brought out my smelling-salts, and when the lady opened her eyes, I carried her into the phaeton, and offered to drive her and her companion to their home. Guildleroy retired into a corner, and I stuck to the role of physician.

"I suppose it is this heat," I said, "which caused your indisposition. Have you ever fainted before?"

"No; I never fainted in my life," answered my patient, "and I am sure the heat could not make me faint."

"Then what was it?"

She would not answer; she reddened a little, for some reason, and looked lovelier than ever. It dawned upon me that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

"Here we are at home," she said, as we reached a substantially-built mansion, lying a little way back from the road, and my spirits fell. I had been hoping that the journey would be longer. I jumped, therefore, at the chance offered by the young lady's next words:

"You wish you would come in and assure mamma that I am not going to die," she said, smiling; "she will be horribly anxious unless you do, I know, and send off post for our old family doctor to come and save my life. I hope you have time just to come in and reassure her."

I left Guildleroy in the phaeton, therefore, outside the gates, and walked to the house with the two young ladies. Inside I was left alone for a little while in a comfortably-furnished drawing-room, while Miss Beauty, as I called her to myself, went to explain to her mother what had happened. To employ the time I picked up a portfolio of pen-and-ink sketches, which was lying on the table. They interested me, because I thought that they would be Miss Beauty's work, perhaps.

Well, that portfolio startled me!

"How?" everybody exclaimed, as the doctor paused.

Why! in the first place, because it had the name, 'M. Wollaston,' written on the back, and in the second, because the first sketch I took up was a portrait of myself, rather flattering, perhaps, but an unmistakable portrait of myself. It was drawn cleverly in pen-and-ink, and had the initials 'M. W.' in the corner.

I walked to the glass, and was comparing it with my reflection there, when a middle-aged lady came in, thanking me for my kindness to her daughter, and all that, as she came across the room. From the likeness I concluded that it was Miss Beauty's mother.

She glanced at me rather curiously, I thought, as if with some sort of recognition, and she evidently noticed that I was looking at the sketch of myself in the portfolio, but she did not allude to it in any way, and, after a few ordinary remarks about her daughter's health, I took my leave, without having had another glimpse of the young lady herself.

That was my first visit to the house; but you may rest assured that it was not the last. In a little place like that, of course, it was easy enough to get an introduction in the orthodox manner to Mrs. Wollaston, and before the week was over I was in the house again, chatting to Miss Beauty.

As soon as I entered the drawing-room I looked round for the portfolio, but it was gone. I was resolved, however, to have the mystery of the portrait solved.

"I am very much like somebody that you know, am I not, Miss Wollaston?" I said, abruptly, when we were talking together, and the girl blushed a little.

"Oh! no," she replied, gravely. "I have never seen anybody at all like you."

"Indeed! I thought you appeared to recognise my face when I first saw you. Surely we have not ever met before?"

"Oh! no," said Miss Beauty, quickly.

"Then how did you manage to draw my face?" I asked, direct. "That pen-and-ink portrait I saw when I first called, in your

portfolio, was your work, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Then how did you manage to draw it?"

"Oh! I could not tell you," said she; and she looked so uncomfortable about it, that I had to leave the subject.

I went off to another little matter which wanted settling.

"I am afraid I shall seem awfully rude, asking so many questions. But you would excuse me, I am sure, if you knew all the facts. Do you mind telling me if your Christian name is Mary?"

I had not the least doubt in my own mind that it was, although her mother called her "Mamie" always in my presence. Judge of my surprise then, when my companion answered that Mary was not her name at all. She had been christened "Mamie."

"But surely Mary is one of your names as well," I protested.

"Indeed, no! Why should you think it was?"

"That I cannot tell; at any rate, just now," I said. "Can you tell me whether there is such a person as 'Miss Wollaston' in existence?"

"Oh! yes. I have a cousin of that name," said Miss Mamie, "she lives in London."

I will admit that I was disappointed. It seemed that Miss Beauty was not the lady whom I was fated to marry, and I had been quite hoping that she was. I was perfectly content with her, and that I had heard of her.

"Now I suppose I ought to wait till I see the cousin before I lose hold of my affections," I said to myself. "If I make hot love to this lovely girl, as I feel inclined to do, and then find that Fate (which seems to be looking after me very particularly) makes me marry her cousin, the position will not be agreeable." So I tried to keep a tight rein on my heart, although it was hard work—and discouraging work after I had seen Mary Wollaston's photograph. Mamie showed it to me in the family album—such a fat frump of a girl, with great freckles that even a photographer could not hide. I did not like the idea of giving up Miss Beauty for that fright, Fate, or no Fate, and after a vain struggle I gave in to my feelings, and asked Miss Mamie to be my wife. As Mrs. Lassalis does not happen to be present, I may say that she accepted me with alacrity.

It was not due, however, to any personal qualities I may possess, although she has since expressed herself as being pretty well satisfied with me. Her alacrity was due to the impression that our union was a thing fated. Immediately I had asked the decisive question, she was quite ready to tell me all about the mysterious sketch, although wild horses could not have drawn the secret from her before.

Six months before our meeting she had been staying with her relatives in Chelsea, and Lil, the madcap of the family, had persuaded her to go with her to a wonderful old Jewess, in Westminster, to have their fortunes told.

"There were two old women," ran on Mamie, "and they told us a lot of rubbish; but Lil, who had been before, insisted that they should show me my future husband in the magic mirror. They said, at first, that it was impossible, and one of the old women went away; then, after Lil had offered them five shillings—she had a fearful lot of pocket-money to throw away, and had talked for a week about the mirror—the second old woman came back, and said they would try. The other one took me alone into another room almost dark, where I stood looking at a large mirror for I don't know how long. Then, suddenly, the mirror lighted up, and there upon it was your face. I saw it just as plainly as I see you now, and directly I got back to Chelsea, I made a sketch of it—the sketch you saw in the portfolio. You see you had made an impression on me, sir, for it seemed to me the face of the very man I would like to marry."

That is the end of the story, said Doctor Lassalis, leaning back in his chair.

"But I thought you were going to explain it?" we said.

"Why, there isn't much explanation necessary," said the doctor, smiling; "of course, the old Jewess called me in, and pretended to tell my fortune just on purpose to reflect my face through an arranged system of mirrors, into the room where Mamie was. That is why she turned the light on my face so strongly. I suppose the young Jew upstairs usually officiated as the future bridegroom, but was put hors de combat on that occasion by his bruises.

"Now, what I meant by the fortune-teller's cleverness, was her happy thought in giving me her customer's name (as she thought), as that of my future wife. A good many men would have made inquiries for a Mary Wollaston, after hearing that they were to marry a lady of the name, and would be more than half inclined to fall in love with her if they found her.

"In getting at the name the old hag met with her only misfortune. You see, the girls were careful not to give their names when they went. On inquiring from Mamie, however, I found that she remembered perfectly missing her handkerchief after the visit. What impressed the loss upon her mind was the fact that the handkerchief was not her own. In the hurry of starting, to save unlocking her trunk, she had borrowed one from her cousin "Mary," with her name in the corner. That was a circumstance against which even a fortune-teller cannot provide. The only piece of luck in the affair was my going down to Devonshire and meeting my wife there. Her surprise on seeing me, after thinking about me much for six months, was quite natural, and it was quite as natural that her surprise should attract my attention. The prophecy made its own fulfilment."

"So really there was no magic in it from beginning to end?" said somebody.

"Of course not," laughed Lassalis. "It was not magic, but match-matching."

RATS AND DOGS ON FEEDING TERMS.—If you say "Hat, rats!" to a dog, the common notion is that you will fill that dog with unutterable longing to make the acquaintance of a rat—or two, or more. But there are exceptions to every rule, as a dog-owner in this state discovered not long since. His dogs were in the habit of feeding out of a trough in the stable. One morning their master was astounded at seeing a number of rats sharing the dogs' meal, and plainly on the friendliest terms with their supposed foes. Since the dogs would not clear out the rats, the man arranged to do so. He pointed a gun in such a way that it would rake the trough from end to end, and then placed food in it at the usual hour, but kept the dogs in their own quarters. The rats, however, did not turn out. They seemed to wonder what had become of their canine friends, and although several old ones were observed to peep out from their holes, and there was much squealing heard, not a rat went near the trough. After half an hour had elapsed the dogs were let into the stable, and in a few minutes they and the rats were quietly feeding together. This plan for killing off rats had to be abandoned.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LIME.—In Germany and Hungary magic qualities are attached to the lime or linden tree. In some villages it is usual to plant one before a house to prevent a witch from entering.

HIS MARK.—It is said that the cross mark instead of a signature did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in mediæval times as an attestation of good faith.

SHOOTING.—Prince Talleyrand was startled out of his sleep one night by a pistol shot, and, seeing his man servant in the room, he asked him what it was all about. "May it please your Highness, there was a mouse in your room, and, fearing it might disturb your rest, I shot it."

RICE.—The cultivation of rice appears to be carried on under very harmful conditions. It necessitates the inundation of the tract of country where it is cultivated, and obliges the laborer to work during a portion of the year with his legs submerged in stagnant water. In the rice districts of Piedmont and elsewhere the population has accordingly been, hitherto, consumptive and decimated by disease.

STARS.—On a clear night an ordinary human eye can discover about 1,000 stars in the northern hemisphere, most of which send their light from distances we cannot measure. How large they must be! Round these 1,000 stars circles 50,000 other stars of various sizes. Besides single stars, we know of systems of stars moving round one another. Still, we are but a short way into space as yet! Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are, no doubt, still larger spaces.

FLOWER GHOST.—Anyone who wishes to see the ghost of a flower has only to make a very simple experiment. Let him go up to a cluster of blossoms and look very intently for several minutes at one side of it. Then very suddenly he must turn his gaze upon the other side of the same cluster. He will at once distinctly see a faint and delicate circle of colored light around this second half of the cluster. The light is always in the hue which is "complementary" to that of the flower. The spectre of the scarlet poppy is of a greenish white. The ghost of the primrose is purple. The ghost of the blue fringed gentian is of a pale gold tint. In these circles of color the shapes of the flower's petals are always faintly but clearly seen.

"STOP THIEF!"—When the cry of "Stop thief" is heard in the streets, people, of course, are too busy joining in the hunt to think much about the shout. As a matter of fact, however, the cry carries us back to the time of the Saxons, when many customs of the present day first arose. At that distant period the counties of England were divided into districts, called hundreds, because a hundred families resided in each such division. The folk within each hundred had to do a great many things that now are done by the police. They had to combine to protect themselves and their neighbors from evil-disposed persons. They were fined for a murder or other serious crime that took place within their bounds. Thus it was to their interest to put down crime, if they could, and catch rogues in order to avoid being fined. As soon as a cry was raised against a criminal, everyone was expected to leave their work, or whatever else they might be engaged in, and chase him. This was called the "hue and cry," and it had to be continued from hundred to hundred, until the culprit was caught.

THAT Dr. Holmes was a typical Yankee in undemonstrativeness was shown in the meeting with his son, who was wounded at Chancellorsville. For many days he had sought the captain on the field and in the hospitals, and at last learned that he was on a train that was carrying the wounded to Washington. He entered the car, saw the pale face of his wounded boy, and they clasped hands with a "Hello, cap.," and a "Hello, dad."

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

"He won't have to wait till then, Bill," growled the other man, beginning to take off his belt.

"No, no," said the first, laughing. "Do not beat him, Jem; there's no time. Let's get him abroad. We're late as it is, and the tide's turned. Now look here, young 'un," he continued, addressing Lord Norman, who stood quiet, but on the defensive. "D'ye mean to come along quiet and peaceable, or d'ye want him to give you a lathering afore we start? You've got to go, you know, anyway; for it stands to reason a mere whipper-snapper like you can't beat a couple of full-grown men like me and Jem."

This seemed very sound logic to Lord Norman, and he dropped his fists. "All right," he said.

"Right you are," said Bill. "Just link your arm in mine. Now we're right and comfortable."

Lord Norman walked between his captors in silence. As they passed a street lamp he could see by its murky light that they were sailors, and he knew that they had mistaken him for the boy with whom he had exchanged clothes. He was on the verge of pointing out their error, when it occurred to him that if he did so some awkward questions would be asked, his own identity discovered, and himself returned to Cheaney Chase; so that he deemed it best to keep silence.

Besides, there was a touch of romance in his adventure which appealed to Lord Norman's boy nature. The sailors, leaving the town on the right, led him down a steep, roughly-paved alley to the water's edge, where a boat was moored.

"Tumble in," said Bill, with good-natured peremptoriness. "And don't let's have any more of your larks. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a-running away from such a craft as the 'Nautilus,' when we've all been like a father to yer."

"Ungrateful young varmint," growled the other. "If we warn't so short-handed I'd chuck him overboard."

"Let him be," laughed Bill. "He ain't the first young 'un as has cut and run; lord, I'd done it myself two or three times before I was his age. Pull away; the tide's swinging out, and the skipper will be on the fret."

Instinctively Lord Norman took the tiller. He had both steered and rowed in the school boats, and could do both more than well, and Bill nodded approvingly.

"Coming to your senses, eh, young 'un? That's right. Now you look here. Just you promise to behave yourself this voyage, and I won't split on you. You know what you'll get if I do."

Lord Norman nodded, and the sailor, taking the nod as a sign of acquiescence, nodded in response.

They pulled on, Lord Norman steering to the only vessel he could see lying at anchor, and presently they reached her.

"Tumble up," said Bill in a whisper.

Without a word Lord Norman caught the rope hanging from the vessel's side, and scrambled on board.

The captain, who was pacing the deck impatiently, stopped in front of him for a moment, growled something, and resumed his pacing.

Lord Norman was wondering what he had said, when the man Bill gripped him by the shoulder, and shook him.

"Here, wake up, young 'un!" he said. "Didn't you hear? You're to take the lantern aft. Here you are!" and he caught up a ship's light.

As Lord Norman stretched out his hand to take it, the light fell upon his face. The sailor started back with an exclamation of astonishment, and nearly dropped the light.

"Why, what the deuce! What's this? Who on earth are you?"

Lord Norman smiled. Notwithstanding the predicament in which he stood, his sense of humor was tickled.

The sailor held the light in front of Lord Norman's face and shook him again.

"What d'ye mean? Who are you?" he gasped.

Before Lord Norman could reply, the captain came abreast of them again.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded sternly. "Get that anchor up. Now, boy, take that light aft."

The sailor replied, "Aye, aye, sir!" and whispering, "Keep your mouth shut," thrust the lantern into his hand and pushed him in front of him.

A few moments afterwards the men were singing as they worked the capstan, the cable was creaking, the anchor was being weighed, and the good ship "Nautilus," with all her sails set, was sailing merrily before the wind, bound for Sydney.

Lord Norman stood against the bulwarks, out of the way of them, and half dazed by the bustle and confusion; and presently, when these had somewhat subsided, the sailor called Bill came up to him. The captain was with him.

"Now then, young 'un," he said in an undertone, "just tell the captain how you came to play this 'ere joke upon us."

Lord Norman remained silent, and the captain, taking up the lantern, held it to the lad's face.

"The boy's a young gentleman!" he exclaimed, with an oath. "Here, young sir, who are you, and where do you come from, and how do you come here?"

Lord Norman had been preparing himself for some such questions.

"My name is Harry Richmond," he said quietly and fearlessly. "I've run away from home——"

"The devil!" exclaimed the captain. "Do you know that you are a stowaway, and that I can put you in irons, young 'un, and keep you there!"

"A stowaway!" said Lord Norman. "No, I'm not! Your men brought me here."

The captain turned to the sailor inquiringly.

"That's right enough, capt'n," Bill admitted. "We took him for that young varmint of a Jack as 'ud give us the slip directly we got ashore. You see he's got sea clothes on, and he's about the same height——"

The captain swore under his breath impatiently.

"Well, he's here anyway, and I'm not going to put back for him. Take him to the fo'castle. And look here, my lad," he called after Lord Norman, "now you're here, you'll have to work. We're short-handed, and I can't afford to have any slouchers on board my ship."

"All right, sir," said Lord Norman cheerfully, as he followed the sailor.

Two hours later a phaeton and pair dashed down the road and into Dexmouth. Seated beside the coachman was the Earl of Cheaney. His face was set with a stern frown, his eyes gleamed angrily, and the gout-knotted hands were clenched upon the handle of his stick. Behind him sat Hiram Fletcher, the steward, his hatchet face creased with anxious wrinkles, his small, cunning eyes peering this way and that.

The coachman stopped the panting horses at the inn, and the inquiries commenced. But though scarcely a house was left unvisited, or a person unquestioned, no tidings of Lord Norman could be gleaned.

One policeman summoned up courage to assure the furious nobleman that no lad coming down the Cheaney road had entered the town that night.

"I've been at the corner there by the High Street, and up and down, since nightfall, my lord, and he couldn't—he couldn't possibly—have come in without my seeing him. And if he had," he added, "no one would dare to hide him from your lordship."

"Drive home," said the earl. "He must have taken the other road after all, Fletcher. Pshaw, man, don't look so scared! We shall find him before the day's over."

But that day and many others passed without any tidings of the missing lad; and at last the earl was forced to admit that the heir to Cheaney Chase, the future earl, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME VERY NARROW SHAVES.

"I was gun-lieutenant on board a man-of-war," said one of a party of gentlemen, who were relating personal experience, "when the gunner sent to me saying that he wished to see me in the powder magazine.

"We had been serving out powder for practice, and the bags containing it were open, and loose gunpowder was lying all over the place. I found no one there, except the gunner.

"'What is it?' I said.

"'Look there,' he answered; and then I understood why he had cleared all the men, for on the floor, lying close to the bags of powder I saw some half-spent matches.

"How they came there I could not tell, except that some of the men had wilfully disobeyed the order forbidding them to carry matches.

"I required all the gunner's men to work almost naked in the magazine from that time forward."

"Yes," commented another another jo the party, "it is extraordinary how callous men became to danger. I was in Wales once and I was asked by a miner to accompany him to the side of the mountain where blasting operations were going on.

"He led me to a place in with gunpowder was stored. The miner wore a leather cap, and in it was stuck a lighted candle.

"What was my horror to see him take off his cap, and place it with the candle alight upon the top of a cask whilst he filled his can with gunpowder from another keg close at hand.

"I did not dare to say anything, until we were safe down the mountain.

"'Next time you go for powder, my friend,' I exlaimed, 'you will go without me.'

"'Why?' asked the miner.

"'Well, I don't think it is the safest thing in the world to place a lighted candle on a barrel of gunpowder.'

"'Is that all?' answered the man, with a grin; 'there is no danger in that. Why I've been doing it for forty years!"

"I recollect," said a third member of the party, "that a visit was paid to a district where some mining operations were being carried on by a number of gentlemen, including a very busy representative of a certain newspaper. He was so full of zeal

that he was here, there and everywhere.

"Well, the fuses were laid and lighted and we all withdrew to a safe distance, when, just at that moment, we missed the energetic reporter. He was nowhere to be seen. We looked high and low for him, when presently he shouted to us from the top of a rock.

"To our horror we saw that he was standing upon the very rock which was undermined. It was too late to avoid the explosion, for the fuses were nearly expended. All that we could do was to watch and wait.

"It seemed hours before the fuses burned down, and bang went the report. The air was filled with flying rocks and smoke, and we expected to see the reporter acquire a pretty wide circulation.

"He was jerked up and fell in a sitting posture on the rock, which tilted over and he slid in this fashion to the ground unhurt, but considerably bewildered."

"I recollect a narrow escape which occurred to me once," said a fourth gentleman; "it was at a mill in Essex, which was partly run by steam power. The engineer was a yokel, who had the most rudimentary ideas of steam.

"One morning he lighted the fires and forgot that the boilers were empty. He did not, in fact, consult the gauge glass until the upper plates on the inside had been drawn down into two great red hot bumps.

"Then, in haste, he sought to rectify his error by turning cold water into the boilers.

"An explosion must inevitably have followed the contact of the water with the superheated iron, in a confined boiler, but, as luck would have it, the owner of the mill entering, perceived at a glance what was wrong, and dashed the man's hand from the tank handle just in the nick of time."

THEORY OF THE COMMA.—Good punctuation is recognized as a necessity by all writers and printers spend their lives in attempting to elucidate the meanings of the paragraphs which they compose or correct, or in trying to show the grammatical relations of the different parts of various sentences. Neither compositors nor proofreaders, however, are always successful. The words remain, in some cases, without their proper points; the meaning of a writer is not made more clear, and every rule of grammatical construction is violated. How can a better system for the type-setter and his immediate superior be devised?

In the first ages of printing there were only three marks of punctuation—the comma, the colon, and period. The semicolon, the exclamation, and interrogation marks were added later. Dashes, parenthesis, and brackets came last of all in type, although they existed before type. Custom has determined the chief use of each of them. The comma indicates the short pause which happens where an explanatory sentence is begun or ended; the semicolon, when two or more partially constructed sentences are separated; the colon, when the preceding sentence or part of a sentence ends with expectancy, which is to be satisfied with what immediately follows; the period, that the sentence is closed; the parenthesis, that one clause of a sentence, generally explanatory, is within another sentence; the bracket, that what is inclosed has no relation grammatically to the rest of the phrase, but has some relation to it otherwise, and the dash, that the idea which precedes is suddenly broken by the words of another sentence. The exclamation and interrogation marks are self-explanatory.

It is possible to print a page, or a number of pages, of a book, if necessary, without punctuation. If a man wrote as clearly as Cobbett or Washington Irving, there would be no difficulty in finding out what he meant. In Scotland, punctuation marks in printed briefs are omitted because words constitute the pleadings, and the law can take no knowledge of points. The comma and the parenthesis are the two nearest of kin, and can, to a large extent, be used interchangeably. Inverted sentences frequently require, at the place where the inversion ends, a comma, while in a straightforward sentence this might not be required. Other frequent uses are when other nouns or substantive sentences are added to a simple sentence. No punctuation mark is ever required to be used, because there is a stoppage of the voice in a certain place in speaking. Pointing depends entirely upon the grammar, and not in the least upon the pronunciation.

WELCOME.—Just before Lafayette's last visit to America, Webster was one of a fishing party in Massachusetts Bay. He had been selected to deliver the welcoming speech to the great Frenchman on his approaching visit, and during the piscatory occupation he seemed very abstracted. A gentleman who was fishing next to him addressed him several times without receiving so much as a nod in answer. By-and-by Webster began pulling in his line, hand over hand, with an effort which plainly signified that a large fish had been hooked; but upon his face there was not a single gleam of that eager joy which usually accompanies such an event. At length the fish was seen approaching the surface, gleaming through the green water like burnished silver; still Webster's face gave not a sign of pride or gratification; but just as the fish left the water he burst out, in tones of solemn rapture,—"Venerable man! Sage, patriot, and soldier! Representative of two hemispheres! Welcome to our shores once more!" And down dropped a monster cod upon the deck.

HIS ARM WAS STAYED.—A chill east wind was blowing, but that did not prevent the man with a sandy goatee from perspiring freely when he awoke with a start and detected the sound of stealthy footsteps in the apartment adjoining. Presently a shadowy form flitted into the room. The man with a sandy goatee seized his pistol, and was taking careful aim when he felt his arm gripped violently. Turning, he beheld the agonised face of his wife. "William," she whispered distressfully, "for heaven's sake, don't shoot!" "Why not? It's burglars." "William," her countenance was haggard with fright, "as sure as you shoot you'll wake the baby." Recoiling suddenly, as if he had sustained an unexpected blow, he suffered the weapon to drop from his nerveless hand.

KAISER WILLIAM.—The German Emperor needs but little sleep himself, and exacts long hours from everyone in attendance. Four or five hours' rest is all that he cares for, and the physicians say that he is burning the candle at both ends. He is always ready of speech, and on great occasions, makes but little preparation. His tongue works smoothly, his thoughts flow freely and gracefully, and his memory is marvellous. After talking half an hour to a crowd of listeners, he will repeat his speech, word for word, to his secretary for use in his official organ and it is remarkable that he has hardly ever been known to make a slip or even miss a single sentence.

HOW ABOUT THE PRUDENCE of allowing a Cough to run on, rasping the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs, when that approved and speedy remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, can be obtained from any Apothecary.

Scientific and Useful.

SPEED.—Edison says there is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad. He thinks the greatest speed will come when electricity is obtained direct from coal.

SENSITIVE PAINT.—A sensitive paint has been invented which should prove useful for detecting hot bearings in machinery. It is always bright yellow when cold, but gradually changes color on being heated, and at 250 degrees becomes bright red.

GLASSINE.—A firm of papermakers have introduced a grease-proof parchment which they call glassine. It is very transparent, and its chief use is as a protective covering to valuable books, through which all details of binding and title can be seen.

CHLORINE.—Chlorine for bleaching purposes has hitherto been supplied commercially only in the form of chlorinated lime, or bleaching powder, commonly known as chloride of lime. This product contains, however, when at its best, only about thirty-eight per cent. of chloride gas. A firm of alkali-makers have, however, recently set up an extensive plant for making liquid chlorine, and for supplying it commercially in steel cyclinders under pressure, in the same way that carbonic acid and nitrous oxide gases are already supplied. The machinery required is of a peculiar construction.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—A prominent English doctor advises that those who suffer from insomnia should try a remedy which is at once simple and effectual. This is to curl the body up beneath the bedclothes so as to reduce the amount of fresh air. Lower the supply of oxygen in the blood, he says, produce a little asphyxia, breathe and re-breathe only the respired air; you will then reduce the stimulating oxygen, and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep, you are sure to disturb the coverings and get the fresh air. When the cat and dog prepare to sleep, they bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and off they go.

Farm and Garden.

HANDLING.—Potatoes and apples should be handled carefully, and not rolled down into the cellar through chutes, or dumped out of wagons, as injury is liable, and decomposition begins sooner than would otherwise happen.

SHELTER.—While it is best to provide a good warm shelter for the hogs during the winter, in nearly all cases it will be best to arrange so that they can run out every day during the winter. Close confinement is not conducive to good health, even with hogs.

POULTRY.—For poultry the use of wheat bran and skim milk is excellent, but it should be given with other ground food, in the shape of a stiff dough. Fresh meat and green food of some kind should be also allowed. On cold days a full ration of corn will be of advantage.

GRAIN.—Grain is an important article of food after severe cold weather sets in. It produces more warmth than any other food, and is in a more concentrated form, as well as being more easily digested than bulky substances. It should never be omitted from the winter ration.

BEES.—Italian bees are now conceded to be the best bees for this country. New varieties come up every season, are given a short-lived boom and drop below the horizon to again appear briefly in a few years. The Italian has been tried and has not been found wanting. They are the best.

THE HORSES' FEET.—The feet of the horse should receive special attention. No two horses require shoes alike. Ignorant blacksmiths, who know how to make a shoe and drive in the nails, but who know nothing of the structure of the hoof, destroy or injure more horses than all other causes combined. The frog is cut away, the hoof is burned, and the rasp is freely used where it should not even touch the hoof. This is a very important matter to those owning horses. Horse-shoeing is now a science.

LOVERS STILL.

BY M. R.

His hair as wintry snow is white,
  Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light,
  Her cheeks, their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold,
  His voice, no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
  They're faithful lovers still.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
  Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
  A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
  Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours
  As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
  Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
  Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
  Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
  May hold them lovers still.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX—(CONTINUED.)

IT struck chill and damp, and Rawdon shuddered visibly, and seemed to pause as he looked round. Mr. Chandos saw the momentary hesitation—dread, remorse, whichever it may have been—and tried to assume a confident and assured air.

"You've got your surplice in that bag, I suppose, Green?" he said pleasantly, but in the subdued voice in which one speaks in a sacred edifice.

Rawdon nodded gravely.

"I—er—I suppose it really is not necessary," said Mr. Chandos, glancing from one to the other; "but I think you would like Mr. Green to wear it, Lyra?"

Lyra was standing in the aisle, one hand resting on the edge of a pew, with her eyes fixed with a singular dreamy expression. At that moment the voice of Dane seemed sounding in her ears—she seemed to see his face in the duskiness round the altar. She started slightly and turned to Mr. Chandos, and repeated his question.

"As you please," she said with dull indifference.

"Ah, well; better, perhaps," said Mr. Chandos. "If you will sit down for a moment, dearest, I will—er—help Mr. Green."

He beckoned to Rawdon into a little curtained recess and gripped him by the shoulder.

"Quick, man!" he said harshly. "Quick, man!—get it over! We may be seen—interrupted!"

Rawdon shivered, and shook off his hand.

"Who—who is she?" he asked in a hoarse whisper. "She is a—a lady, as well as beautiful! She looks ill—frightened! By heaven! I've half a mind——" He put his hand to his brow and glared round him as if fearful.

Mr. Chandos snatched the bag from him, opened it, and took out a surplice.

"Here, put it on!" he said.

Rawdon still stood staring about him.

At the bottom of the bag was a flask.

Mr. Chandos, with a low exclamation of satisfaction, took it out, poured some of the contents into the cup, and pressed it into Rawdon's shaking hand.

"Drink, man!" he said; "and let me take a drink too! It's—it's—the chill of this place that upsets one."

"That, and—and the sight of her face!" muttered Rawdon, after he had gulped down the neat spirit. "She looks like an angel! Her face will haunt me as long as I live! God forgive us, Chandos!"

Mr. Chandos forced the surplice over Rawdon's head.

"Hush!" he said warningly; "what—what nonsense you talk! I tell you she is here of her own free will. There—there has been no force. Quick! or she will—will wonder why we are waiting."

Rawdon, though the surplice was on, still stood gazing before him, and Mr. Chandos, as a last resource, pulled out his pocket-book, and extracting some bank-notes, held them up with a sickly smile.

"You see?" he said. "It's not bad pay for—for such a small piece of work. If you're sharp over it you will have time to catch the afternoon train to Southampton. Think of it, my dear Rawdon! You will be at Havre in no time—the steamer starts to-morrow night. You are off to fresh life, fresh hopes, prosperity. Come!"

He gripped Rawdon's arm with a nervous, trembling hand, and gently pushed him out.

Rawdon walked up the aisle and took his place, and Chandos, very pale and with a strange tightening of the lips, approached Lyra and offered her his arm.

At the sound of Rawdon's voice, hollow and husky, Chandos started and could not refrain from looking round; but Lyra seemed unmoved, and still possessed by the death-like calmness.

Chandos, as he put the ring on her finger, felt the hand he held strike like ice; his own was now burning hot. Rawdon's voice died away with the last words of the service, and with bent head and eyes fixed on the ground he went with unsteady steps down the aisle and into the curtained recess.

Chandos follows with Lyra, and motioned her to a pew.

"Wait for a moment, dearest," he said; "I—I am going to get the certificate."

Lyra sank into the seat. She did not know that she ought to sign the register, and if she had known would not have remembered; she was in a dream, in which she still heard Dane's voice, saw his face.

Mr. Chandos found Rawdon leaning against a chair, trembling and shaking; the sweat stood in great drops upon his brow.

"It is horrible—horrible!" he gasped.

Mr. Chandos held the curtain tightly closed and glared at him.

"Pull yourself together, man!" he said angrily. "The thing's done now; your work's finished, and here are your wages." He thrust the notes into Rawdon's hand. "Get out of that thing and be off as quickly as you can. You must come and say good-bye, of course; and—and for heaven's sake try and look less like a corpse or a man who is going to be hanged."

Rawdon shuddered.

"I—we deserve to be hanged for this day's work, Chandos," he said gloomily.

Chandos produced the flask again and forced it into Rawdon's hand as he had the notes.

"If you're so frightened, all the more reason for making yourself scarce as soon as possible," he said.

He stuffed the surplice into the bag, and, raising his voice, said, loud enough for Lyra to hear—

"So sorry you have to hurry away, Green, but as it is a case of sickness we must not detain you, much as we should like to do so. I know how scrupulously you do your duty, my dear fellow." He linked his arm in Rawdon's and led him out. "Say just as little as you can, and for goodness sake, try and smile," he added in a whisper.

Rawdon, with downcast eyes, stood before Lyra.

"I—I must wish you good-bye, Mrs. Barle," he said. "I wish you every happi——" His voice broke and his face grew deathly white.

Mr. Chandos cut in with a laugh that rang hollow and ghost-like in the quiet place.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Green," he said; "don't wait." He actually took him by the shoulder and turned him towards the door. "We will excuse you; I know how exacting a country parson's duties are."

Rawdon glanced over his shoulder at Lyra; then, without another word, walked down the aisle and out of the door.

Mr. Chandos waited a moment, then he took up the waterproof and put it over Lyra shoulders.

"Come, dearest," he said; "my own wife!"

For the first time since they had entered the place Lyra shivered.

"Are you cold?" he asked tenderly. "It is chilly in here. Poor Green noticed it. He is a great invalid, and was not at all well this morning."

"I am not cold," said Lyra in the same dull indifferent voice.

Mr. Chandos locked the door, and hid the key in the ivy.

"Dear old church!" he murmured sentimentally; "so full of old romance and—er—poetry! We could not have been married in a sweeter place. I shall always remember it—always. What are you looking at, dearest?" he broke off, for Lyra was standing gazing at the river—at a sand-bank just showing above the tide. It was the spot on which she had been stranded the day she saved Dane's life.

"Nothing," she said, turning her dreamy eyes upon him. "Let us go back; my father may miss me."

"Yes, yes," he assented. "Ah, Lyra, you have a husband as well as a father now," and he drew her arm within his; but he reflected that someone might see them, and dropped it suddenly.

They got into the boat and Lyra rowed up the stream. It was hard work, but it brought no color to her pale face. Rawdon had called it the face of an angel; it was more like the face of a martyr.

"I wish I could help you, dearest," murmured Mr. Chandos sweetly.

"You have helped my father," she said, with a wan smile. "You will send that money away directly, will you not?"

"Directly we get home, my own," he responded. "I am afraid you are getting wet."

"It does not matter," she said absently; "I am used to it, and I have nothing that the rain will spoil." She stopped rowing as she spoke, and her lips quivered. They were almost the same words she had spoken to Dane.

"No," said Mr. Chandos tenderly, "it is not a very suitable wedding-dress for my dear one, but you shall soon 'walk in silk attire,' Lyra. I long for the time when I shall see you properly dressed and in a sphere more worthy of your beauty and grace. Directly your father is better we will go to London, Paris—— Don't you think he is well enough for us to leave

him now?" Lyra stopped rowing again, and a spasm of fear, of dread, shot across her face.

"Leave him!" she breathed; "leave him! Oh, no, no! You said—you promised——"

"All right, dearest," he said promptly, "there is no hurry; I was only thinking of your happiness—pleasure——"

"I should not, could not be happy away from him."

He lowered his pale blue eyes, and an ugly smile curled his thin lips for a second. How he would pay her for every such speech! Presently, presently!

"You shall stay with him as long as you like, dear one," he murmured. "I am your humble, devoted slave, obedient to your slightest word."

CHAPTER XX.

THEY reached the landing in front of the cottage. Mr. Chandos looked round apprehensively, but no one was to be seen.

"Thank heaven that ruffian hasn't got back yet," he said to himself, meaning Griffith.

Lyra put the oars back and sat for a moment, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes fixed on the river.

"You are tired, dearest," he said; "let me help you out."

She just touched his hand with her small cold one as she got out of the boat, and they walked up to the cottage. As they entered, Mary met them at the door.

"Why are you not with my father?" asked Lyra reproachfully.

"Master's all right, Miss Lyra," said Mary. "He's asleep; he's been asleep ever since you went, just like a child. We shall have him down again in a day, just like old times. Lor, how cold you look, Mr. Earle!" she added, staring with round eyes at Mr. Chandos, who, what with excitement and the drizzling rain, was chilled to the bone. "You look as pale as if you'd seen a ghost."

Mr. Chandos smiled feebly and passed into the parlor. Lunch was being laid, and he stood and watched Mary with a preoccupied gaze.

"I'm afraid I have taken a chill, Mary," he said. "I think a glass of hot whisky and water would be a good thing."

Mary grinned.

"All right, sir; I'll get it."

She brought the whisky and hot water, and he mixed himself a pretty stiff glassful.

Lyra went straight to her father's room. He was, as Mary had said, asleep, and Lyra knelt beside the bed and laid her weary, aching head on his arm.

She had saved him; she was married, married! It all seemed ghostly, unreal, and dream-like, and she could not realize it, though she tried to do so. The church, the haggard, careworn face of the clergyman, even her husband himself, appeared phantasmal and visionary—a kind of night-terror.

She rose presently, smoothed her father's pillow, and taking off her waterproof, went downstairs.

Mr. Chandos looked warmer; there were two hectic spots on his cheeks, and his pale eyes were restless and watchful.

They sat down to lunch, and though he made a pretence of eating, it was a pretence only. Lyra ate nothing, but sat looking out of the window with the expression of apathetic indifference which had sat upon her face all through the ordeal.

Mr. Chandos eyed her covertly, and now and again a smile curved his lips. He would be patient with her for a day or two—a week, perhaps—then he would show her that he was master.

She rose without a word when the lunch was over, and went upstairs again. Mr. Chester was still sleeping, and she sat beside him, with her hands clasped in her lap. Mr. Chandos helped himself to some more whisky, and the spot on his cheek grew more hectic.

As he took long draughts of the spirit and the water he began to ask himself why he should be patient; why should he wait. Why shouldn't he insist upon her leaving the cottage with him that night? She was his wife, his property——

He heard her come down the stairs, and hastily hiding the glass in the sideboard, forced a smile to his lips as she entered.

"How is he now, dearest?" he asked.

"He is still asleep," she said. "I came to ask you about the money——"

Mr. Chandos frowned, and looked down.

"Asleep still? That is good; very good! I told you that he would get better directly this trouble was removed from his mind. The money? Why are you so anxious, dear one? Do you think—suspect—that I——"

He stopped, under the direct gaze of her guileless eyes.

"Suspect?" she said, as if she did not understand him. "It is only because I want to tell him, the moment he wakes, that the money has been sent, that he has no longer need to fear."

"Just so," he said. "Very natural. I will send it at once. If you like, you and I will go and post it. Perhaps—perhaps—" he coughed, "we might—you see he is so much better—we might take a little trip this afternoon. What do you say to going on to Combe for—for a day or two?"

She looked at him with more surprise than alarm.

"And leave him? Oh, no, no! I—I could not. You will not ask me?"

His face darkened sullenly.

"Really, my dear Lyra, I think you should—er—study my wishes a little. Remember that I am—er—your husband."

She stood looking at him, with a growing sense of fear.

"I cannot leave him," she said simply, almost inaudibly, and went out.

Mr. Chandos got his glass again, swearing under his breath. His face grew an unwholesome red.

Lyra went into the garden, and sat in the arbor seat. The mist had thickened, the river was scarcely visible, and yet she saw it all so plainly—saw Dane swimming, sinking in the stream, felt his hair brush against her face as she lifted him into the boat.

She tried to shut out the vision, to put her thoughts from her, for was she not the wife of another man—the man who had saved her father?

She got up after a while, and wandered down to the water's edge. The tide had risen. Through the mist she could see the coasting vessels floating up to Yarnstaple. Some of them would be going back to sea on the ebb. A wild longing to be out at sea in one of them, out on the wide sea, away from the hideous nightmare that weighed like lead on her heart, took possession of her.

Then suddenly she heard her name called, and turning, saw Mary running down the path.

"Miss Lyra! Miss Lyra!" she was calling wildly.

A swift, vague fear, a nameless dread, fell upon Lyra. She ran towards her.

"What is it, Mary? Hush! You—you frighten me."

Mary, white to the lips, and with her round eyes distended with fear, clutched at Lyra's arm.

"Come—come at once, Miss Lyra!" she gasped. "The master——"

Lyra darted past her like an arrow from a bow, and ran up the stairs to her father's room.

He lay as she had left him, and there seemed no change in him—he appeared to be still asleep. But as she bent over him something in the stillness of the face struck her. She bent lower, then threw herself upon him, as if she would pluck him from the hand of Death. Mary, panting, tried to raise her.

"Don't 'ee, don't 'ee, Miss Lyra!" she cried. "It's no use! It's all over! Oh dear, dear!"

For a minute or so Lyra held him in her arms, then she rose, and pushing the hair from her face looked wildly, vacantly, round her.

"When—when?" she gasped.

"I don't know, miss!" said Mary through her sobs. "I was sitting here quite still, and thinking he was asleep; and presently I got up to turn back the curtain, and the light fell on his face and—and I saw—— Oh, Miss Lyra, don't look so!" she broke off, for the expression on Lyra's face terrified her.

Lyra sank beside the bed and hid her face on the dead man's breast.

"Don't 'ee, don't 'ee," implored Mary, putting her honest arm round the bereaved girl and rocking her gently to and fro. "He's at rest now, Miss Lyra! He went in his sleep like a baby. He's happy now; look at his face."

Lyra raised her tearless eyes and looked at the still face. There was a peaceful smile on it. Then she uttered a wailing cry. Mr. Chandos heard it, and, and, after a moment of startled listening, came up the stairs.

"What—what—is the matter?" he asked. Then he saw, and his flushed face went white.

"Oh, take her away, take her downstairs; she mustn't stop here or she'll go dazed!" cried Mary.

Mr. Chandos took Lyra's arm; to his surprise she offered no resistance; she was indeed incapable of it. He led her downstairs and into the parlor and put her into a chair.

"My—my dear Lyra, my dearest!" he murmured, confused and bewildered. "You—you must try and bear up. You must not give way. Remember that though your father has gone you—you have me—"

The hideous mockery of the speech struck him silent for a moment.

"Come, Lyra," he went on after a moment or two. "It—it—is all for the best."

She looked straight before her, her hands clasped. She did not hear him. Suddenly, without moving her eyes, she said hoarsely.

"The—the money? You have sent it?"

Mr. Chandos started, and a look of relief and satisfaction passed over his face.

"No—fortunately," he said in a low voice, and with some surprise at her question at such a moment.

She raised her wild bewildered eyes.

"Fortunately? You—you have not sent it?"

He nodded with increased satisfaction.

"No, dearest! I was just going to do so when—when I heard him cry out. It is most fortunate. Five hundred pounds is a large sum, and—er—worth saving."

She rose, steadying herself by the arm of the chair, her eyes fixed on him as if she scarcely heard, scarcely understood.

"The money!" fell from her lips, hoarsely. "The money you—you promised him!" and she extended her hand.

Mr. Chandos stared at her.

"Why—why do you talk of that now, dearest?" he murmured soothingly. "Hush; be calm, Lyra!"

He took a step towards her, but she put up her hand to keep him away.

"Give—give it to me!" she panted almost inaudibly. "It was his. His! It was to save him from dishonor. He shall have it! Give it to me!"

He thought she was delirious.

"Lyra, Lyra, my dear Lyra!" he whispered, trying to take her hand. She snatched it from him, and, still clutching the chair, confronted him.

"It was to save him; it was for the money—that I did it," she said brokenly, but yet with a kind of fierce, desperate persistance. "You—you shall not keep it from him. Give it to me, that I may pay—pay——"

Her voice failed, and she sank against the chair.

Mr. Chandos, half angry, half frightened, approached her.

"My dear girl," he murmured, "you shall have the money."

"Now, now! I want to tell him," broke from her.

Chandos scowled.

"Be—be reasonable, dearest," he said. "What is the use of the money to him now? Why should we throw away—simply throw away—a large sum?"

She rose to her full height, and scanned his face with a terrible gaze. Then, as she read his treachery and perfidy in his mean face and shrinking eyes, she shrank back, and uttered a cry of horror and loathing.

The cry stung Mr. Chandos like the thong of a whip. He caught her arm, none too gently, and put his face close to hers.

"Lyra, you are half mad. But I—er—make excuses for you. Go to your own room. Come! Do you hear? I don't—don't want to be angry at—er—such a time."

He put his arm round her, as if to take her from the room.

She raised her hand and struck at him wildly, only half conscious, in her frenzy of grief and horror, of what she was doing; then staggered to the door.

Mr. Chandos, his face tingling and red, darted before her and locked the door.

"Wait! Sit down," he gasped.

She leant against the wall, panting and wringing her hands.

"Let me go to him," she breathed.

"Presently, when—when you are calmer," he said in a sullen whisper. "You are not in a fit state to be alone. Come and sit down."

He put his hand on her arm as he spoke. His touch seemed to madden her.

"Let me go!" she cried, her hands up against the door in a blind, pitiful way.

As if in answer to the appeal of her groping hands, the handle of the door was turned. Griffith's voice was heard outside calling her name.

"Griffith!" she panted.

The next instant the door was forced, and Griffith was in the room.

She fell upon him, clutching him wildly.

"Griffith! Oh, Griffith!" she cried, then she tore herself from his arms and staggered up the stairs.

Griffith stood, his gnarled face distorted with rage, looking more like a wild animal than a man.

"You——!" he snarled, as if he were choking, and advanced upon Chandos with his huge, hairy fist raised.

Mr. Chandos looked round the room in a frenzy of terror.

"Wait! Stop!" he said hoarsely. "Don't—don't hit me! Listen!"

Griffith edged round the table, breathing hard, and would have been upon him in another moment; but, with one of those inspirations which come to men in moments of deadly peril and despair, Mr. Chandos overturned the table between him and his assailant, and with a cry of terror darted out of the door.

Griffith stumbled over the table, but regained his feet and was in instant pursuit.

But by the time he had reached the garden Mr. Chandos was not to be seen. The white mist, an impenetrable vapor, hung over the whole scene.

Mr. Chandos, too cunning to run and so betray his whereabouts by the sound of his footsteps, crouched down behind the hedge, and listened to Griffith blundering about, and breathing, stole away along the river bank towards Yarnstaple.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. CHANDOS cowered behind the hedge until Griffith's footsteps and voice died away in the distance, then he rose, trembling and shaking like ague personified.

Most of your twopenny-halfpenny villains are cowards, and Mr. Chandos was no exception to the rule. He was possessed of one idea only—the desire for flight and safety. There had been murder in Griffith's eyes, murder in his voice and uplifted hand; and Mr. Chandos felt that if he fell into this man's clutches—whether it were now or next week, or next year—there would be no hope for him.

Lyra would be sure to confide in Griffith; the vile trick by which he had hoped to get her into his clutches would be discovered, and Mr. Chandos remembered Rawdon's remark anent penal servitude, and shuddered like a half-drowned terrier.

His terror drove all his passion for Lyra and his desire for revenge completely out of him. All he wanted was to get away; to put as great a distance between him and the mill-cottage as possible.

"What a fool I have been!" he muttered with sundry oaths. "I must have been bewitched; must have lost my senses! Why, I may be overtaken any moment, caught, and——"

He shivered and shook, and hurried on through the mist, scarcely caring where he went so that every step lengthened the distance between him and the place he had suddenly grown to hate.

Every now and then he stopped to listen, dreading to hear Griffith's heavy step and hoarse voice; but all was still.

Presently he found himself at the beginning of Yarnstaple Quay. The station was not very far off, and he decided to go there, hide in one of the waiting-rooms, and slip into the first train for London.

"Then I'll go on the Continent, America, anywhere for a time," he muttered. "Thank heaven I've got the money still! I've saved that, anyhow," and he tried to chuckle, but the attempt was a failure.

As he felt his way along the quay—for the mist was still thick and heavy—he heard voices near him, and suddenly two men lurched up against him.

They were sailors. One was in his shirt-sleeves, and both were the worse for liquor. Mr. Chandos tried to avoid them; but the man without the coat caught him by the arm in a half savage, half affectionate grip.

"Hallo, shipmate!" he said, lurching before him unsteadily. "Where are you bound? Without your—hic—lights, too! You precious near run one and my mate down, didn't he, Jim?"

"So he did," assented his companion. "There's a—hic—fine for sailing without lights in a fog. Glass of grog all round, eh, Willyum?"

Willyum nodded with drunken gravity, and took hold of Chandos' other arm.

"Hear what my mate says, skipper? Right? Come along, then. There's a grog shop round here somewhere, though, blarm me if I hain't lost the bearings."

Inwardly fuming, Mr. Chandos smiled sickly smile and forced a still more sickly laugh.

"Stand a drink? Certainly," he said with mock cheerfulness. "Here's a shilling for you. I'm—er—I'm in a hurry, or I'd join you," and he tried to free himself.

But the man held him tightly.

"No you don't!" he said with playful sternness. "You ain't a-going to cut your cable in that surly fashion, mate. Just you come along and see as we drink fair, or Willyum'll have more nor his whack, as usual."

"What d'ye mean by that insinuvation?" demanded his companion, turning on him with drunken irritability.

"All right," responded the first; "keep your temper, Willyum. Anyways, wait till we've towed this stranger in port. Come along mate," and he began to haul Mr. Chandos back along the road to the cottage.

Mr. Chandos struggled and fumed, but he was like a child in the grasp of the burly sailor.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded his captor.

"I'm in a hurry, my good man," said Chandos feverishly. "I have to catch a train."

"Train be blowed!" retorted the sailor. "You don't want to catch no train. What you want is a glass of hot rum, to clear this fog out of your throat. What! Would yer?" and his grip tightened as Mr. Chandos tried to slip out of his hands.

Mr. Chandos groaned. They were going back to the cottage; Griffith might appear on the scene any moment. He must try strategy.

"Very well," he said, "I'll go with you; but—er—don't pinch my arm."

"Right you are; that's sensible," responded the man, and he slid his huge hand up to Mr. Chandos' shoulder.

The three groped their way along the quay—the two sailors lurching on either side of Chandos—for some yards; then Chandos heard, or thought he heard, a rough, grating voice shouting. A cold sweat broke upon him, and he shook. It must be Griffith, and he would be upon them in another minute.

Possessed by the demon of terror, he softly and gradually slipped his right arm from the sleeve of his coat—his captor's hand was on his left shoulder—then, pretending to miss his footing, lurched against his neighbor.

"Hold up, mate!" cried Jim; then he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and stared at his companion. "Why, I'm blarmed if he ain't given us the go-by after all, mate! And left his coat behind him—like an eel!"

Willyum swore roundly at his friend.

"He's dished you like a child, you chuckle-headed lubber!"

"So he have," admitted Jim with a drunken wink; "but he's left his coat behind him."

"His coat!" commented Willyum sarcastically. "What's the good o' that?"

"All depends on what's in it," retorted Jim.

"Give it yare," remarked Willyum.

"Not if I know it," hiccoughed the other. "It's my prize, mate."

The two men squabbled over the coat for a minute or two, and James finished the dispute by knocking his friend into the gutter, and then calmly got into the garment.

Mr. Chandos meanwhile ran on towards the station. He was half demented with fear, and he fancied he could still hear Griffith's voice. Suddenly it flashed upon him that he could scarcely travel to London in his shirt sleeves, and he stopped short, panting and bewildered. As he stood uncertain and hesitating, he remembered that his pocket book, with the five hundred pounds, was in the pocket of his coat.

Yes, there was nothing for it—he must go back to the men, and regain possession of the coat at all risks.

He retraced his steps cautiously, and reached the men as Willyum slowly picked himself out of the gutter.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" he exclaimed, confronting Mr. Chandos. "I'll teach you to play tricks on your betters, Jim. Come on!"

As he spoke he flung off his pea jacket, and, squaring his arms, advanced threateningly.

Mr. Chandos' teeth chattered in his head.

"Stop! Wait!" he gasped. "It's—it's a mistake. I'm not your friend. I've—I've come back for my coat. I'll—I'll buy it of you. I'll——"

A drunken laugh came from behind him, and at the sound of it Willyum hurled himself forward.

Mr. Chandos sprang with extraordinary nimbleness out of the way, and the two friends collided.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, Mr. Chandos picked up the pea-jacket and gazed at them.

There was a sound of a scuffle, a drunken laugh of satisfaction, and then a heavy splash. Only one man stood in the mist on the edge of the quay.

Mr. Chandos uttered a cry of terror and sprang forward. Willyum was leaning over the quay, his hands resting on his knees, sailor fashion.

"Man overboard!" he said with drunken gravity.

"Great heaven!" gasped Chandos. "He'll—he'll be drowned!"

"Drowned?" hiccoughed Willyum. "What! Jim? Not he! He can swim like a—a fish."

Mr. Chandos peered into the misty depth. He could hear the tide washing against the stone wall, but he could see nothing.

He laid a shaking hand on the sailor's shoulder.

"Are—are you sure he can swim—that he is safe?" he gasped.

"Sure as eggs!" responded Willyum. "Let's go down to the grog shop. I'll lay my life Jim 'll be there afore us."

Mr. Chandos seemed incapable of movement; he stood and stared into the mist beneath him, his teeth chattering, his hair almost on end. Suddenly he heard voices, calling from a vessel as it seemed, and the sound roused him from his stupor of terror.

Without a word he turned and ran blindly towards the station.

It was not until he had got into the light of the gas lamps that he remembered the coat on his arm. With a shudder he put the rough thing on, and, turning up the collar, made his way to the refreshment-room.

"Give me—give me a shilling's worth of brandy," he said as cheerfully as he could. "This fog has nearly choked me."

The girl behind the bar served him with the spirit, and, with his back to the light, Mr. Chandos disposed of it.

On inquiring at the booking-office he learnt that a train for London was due in thirteen minutes. Like a man in a nightmare he took a third-class ticket—for it occurred to him that in his present attire he would be conspicuous in a first-class carriage—and kept in a quiet corner till the train came up.

What he endured during those ten or twelve minutes it would be difficult to describe; but still like a man under the spell of a very bad dream indeed, he got into the carriage and sank, with a groan, into the farthest corner.

He let himself into the chambers with his latchkey, in the gray of the summer dawn, and at once took off the hideous pea-jacket. He would have liked to have burnt it, but you cannot burn cloth without creating a smell which travels for miles, and the only way of hiding it that occurred to him was that of packing it at the bottom of a trunk full of old clothes.

He did this, and then threw himself upon the bed to rest and think. But the latter operation was not compatible with the former, for when he began to think he realized his peril.

He had been guilty of the crime of perpetrating a mock marriage. That meant, if he were discovered, penal servitude; but, in addition, it was not at all improbable, if the sailor was drowned, that he, Chandos, might be suspected and charged with murder. Why, he had actually been seen wearing the man's coat!

Mr. Chandos stifled a cry in the bedclothes, and then sprang up and changed his clothes for a traveling suit. If he were quick he could catch the tidal train for Paris, and thence go—well, anywhere: Spain, Mexico, any place where the extradition treaty was not in force, and he could escape his pursuers.

Leaving a pencilled note on the table for his servant, to the effect that he should not be back for some time, he got into a cab, and reached Charing-cross just in time to catch the tidal train. And it may safely be said that of all the passengers who underwent the horrors of that short but cruel ordeal between Dover and Calais, Mr. Chandos Armitage was the most wretched.

Faint with hunger and sea-sickness he hid himself for a night, a night only, in an out-of-the-way hotel in Paris; and left early the next morning for Spain, a considerably sadder, perhaps a wiser, but by no means a better man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

The shark, much as the sailors may hate it, furnishes several valuable products. An oil obtained from its liver vies in medicinal qualities with that obtained from the liver of the cod; its skin, when dried, takes the hardness and polish of mother of pearl, and is used by jewelers for fancy objects, by binders for making sha-green, and by cabinet makers for polishing wood.

The imported reindeer is flourishing in Alaska, as the imported camel is flourishing in Australia. Thousands of camels were taken to Western Australia from India, and the camel caravan has largely supplanted the bullock team there. They thrive upon the natural shrubs of the country, such as salt bush, wattle, acacia and mulga. They breed well, and the native better than the imported.

A story is told of a country clergyman who finances do not apparently extend to banking operations and experience. Going to a bank with a check, the clerk handed it back, with a request that he would indorse it, and it should then be cashed. After much deliberation the reverend gentleman came to the conclusion that he could, without violation of his conscience, accede to the request. So he took the treasured piece of paper and wrote across the back of it: "I heartily indorse this check."

The number of deaths caused by wild animals is increasing greatly in India, snake bites heading the list last year with 21,000 victims. Of 2800 persons who were killed by animals, tigers killed nearly 1000; leopards, 291; wolves, 175; bears, 121; and elephants, 68. Ninety thousand head of cattle were destroyed, an increase of 9000 over the year before. On the other hand, 15,000 wild beasts were killed, including nearly 1300 tigers, and over 4000 leopards, besides almost 120,000, deadly snakes.

The Devil's Tower, a geological wonder, which stands on the Belle Fourche river, in the Black Hills region, and of which a geologist of international reputation said, "It is a remarkable freak of nature and appears not to have been repeated elsewhere on the earth's surface, but stands alone, unique and mysterious," is believed to be the cone of a cooled down volcano. At a distance it looks like a huge cask or barrel made of gigantic timbers, the sides being roughly furrowed with crystals of trachyte. Its height is 625 feet, and the walls on all sides are so nearly smooth and perpendicular that no human being has ever been able to climb to the top. Its diameter at the base is 796 feet and at the summit (estimated) 350 feet.

Occasionally it is possible to satisfy the souvenir seeker without doing any damage in particular. This is the case at the tomb of George Washington, in Mount Vernon. A lady had just picked up a pebble from the walk in front of the venerated spot to carry home with her, when a workman came up with a wheelbarrow full of gravel, which he dumped on the spot. "Have you—have you fixed up the place that way recently?" the lady asked in a slightly apprehensive tone. "Bless you, miss," was the reply, "we has to do this about every two weeks so's the tourists can have something to carry away for momentums."

There has been recently published in England some interesting tables of longevity, citing 834 cases in which the subjects had reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years. The record goes to show that in the matter of long life women have an advantage over men attributable to their comparative immunity from many of the risks to which men are subject, their freedom from anxieties as to labor and business, and their temperance in eating and drinking, which is not, however, as to the latter, asserted to be invariable. Formerly poor people were thought to possess superior chances of long life to others, but the average among them is only about equal to that of the well-to do and wealthy.

Among the many exciting sports which are participated in to-day on the ranches in the Far West is "turkey grabbing." The turkey is buried in the ground, with only his head and neck above the surface, allowing him full swing for dodging and ducking. The cowboy mounted on his pony sweeps down at full speed, and as he passes the buried gobbler leans far down and attempts to grab it by the head. Dragging the hand along the ground and grasping the neck is barred—the head alone being the part to be grabbed. The successful turkey grabbers are few, and when an expert comes along he is the hero of the day.

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The Season's Spirit.

The year is now getting in the season in which all the kindliest and the gladdest thoughts which can fill any one's mind should be called forth, so as to bring into action all kindly deeds; not that goodness and true charity are to be exercised more about Christmas than at any other time. The true Christian has done with times and seasons, with Sabbaths and holy days. His religion is not to be "folded with his Sunday finery, lest it should ravel." His faith is not one which will wear out, or succumb to the rubbings of a work-a-day world; on the contrary, the more he exercises it the stronger it gets. But certainly about Christmas there is a warmer glow and a gentler feeling called forth. We remember the sweet story of its origin, the shepherd watchers, the star of much brightness, and the bringers of gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the babe's chamber at Bethlehem.

That pure and finished writer, Washington Irving, notes that at Christmas there is "a general call to happiness, a bustle of the spirits, and a stir of the affections to which no bosom can easily remain insensible;" and he adds one reason why family love and affection should largely prevail. "It is, indeed, the season of regenerated affection—the season of kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim in the desert."

This is very beautiful and true. We all remember jolly Old Christmas. If we sometimes feel that he is a bit of a sham, and ever so much jollier and merrier in picture story-books, and the illustrated newspapers, than he has ever been or will be in our own homes, we still love and cherish the ideal. We are pleased at the sights of the shops and the streets. If we live in the midst of fields, or in quiet, sluggish, and outlying villages, some notion of the merriment and fun of others reaches us even there. Even in workhouses where the poor and aged seem so saddened, broken and washed out, there is an extra supply of roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas Day. Mr. Bumble looks his cheeriest, and Oliver Twist may, for one day in the year, ask for more. In prisons they grow quite jolly—so far as the rules will permit them, and in the cells of the convict the day is somehow marked.

With the world at large, charity begins, as we know, at home, on Christmas Day as well as on most other days. The family generally, in spite of our home affections, a discordant assemblage of individuals, each with his own private wrong, meets together. They are not quite so happy as they should be, because the home-manufactured article, family charity, is not nearly so good as it might be.

If a man succeed in life his family first discovers that he is not so good, nor so generous, nor so wise as he might be; if he grow rich they court him, but will hardly forgive him. If he grow poor, they don't like that; he has no energy, work, pluck or determination. If he keeps as he is, he is a poor creature, and so on. Then the ladies have their little differences. Why does not Fanny get married? Or, why does Lucy persist in loving that stupid Tom? and so on. Or, why is Mary's husband so proud; and what is he, we should like to know? The family finds such hairs as this in its milk of human kindness—such flies in its pot of ointment—but it is well that it meets.

The blessed illusions of youth come between the eyes of the young, and prevent them from seeing these little differences, and to them the party is all joy, fun, and frolic; and as the day passes, the old wounds are healed, the stiffness wears off, and the brothers and sisters, who have been separated by years and difference of station, grow nearer and nearer together, and the host and hostess feel that they have done a good thing, and determine to be warmer and more charitable in the coming year.

But it is out of doors, perhaps, that the season of kindliness ought to have most effect. It is very well for charity to begin at home, if it intends to go on and continue. There are so many really deserving poor about us, that if we could each be moved only to try and help one of them, Christmas would be the most blessed time in the year. The winter, which closes the earth, shuts up a thousand sources of employment; and in that time, which demands for the body more food and raiment, many thousands can really afford less. A little wisely given here and there is not much, but it very often makes the difference to a family of a day of fasting or a sufficient meal.

And so a "Merry Christmas season to all our readers;" so, also, we echo the sentiment of a sound and good thinker who, speaking of Christmas Day, said, "I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor. It is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you."

THERE are many persons to be found who take a pleasure in ostentatiously parading their weak points before their neighbors without the least regard to the possibility of their being criticized sharply in regard to those failings, to which they appear ever anxious to give the greatest prominence. Such a want of consideration for themselves tends to render them despicable, and is apt to prove a constant source of bitter humiliation.

YOU are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward, when you insult the weak. You are a coward, if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward, if you know certain things of yourself and care not to own them to yourself.

MANY owe everything of their success to education. Had they not been well started in this way, their mediocre talents and ordinary application would never have lifted or kept them up. Hence the wisdom of every man's getting for his children the best attainable education.

THE shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to the task of pulling down and destroying. Folly and rage can dilapidate more in half an hour than wisdom, deliberation, and forecast can build in many years.

HE is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

IF we take our wilful ones aside and, speaking to them in an earnest, loving, and yet calm and temperate spirit, persuade them we only wish their highest good, depend upon it, the day is ours.

TRUTH is coy and retiring; and to be fairly won must be ardently wooed but, though shrinking from the gaze of the world, she rarely flies from her sincere and devoted worshippers.

LIFE is short, considering all that is to be done and compared with the history of the earth or the great eternity. But it is long in view of all that can be done in it.

COUNT your resources; learn what your are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

IF every man would reform himself, the world's reformation would be accomplished, and philosophers would be needless.

TRADITIONAL BELIEFS.

THE EARLY French missionaries in Canada ascribed a very diabolical influence to the sorcery practiced by the children of the forest. Pere Arnaud, who spent many years in Labrador, remarks: "By the Indian wizards' strength of will, the wigwam moves like a table turning, and replies by knocks and leaps to the questions asked of it. Eh bien! you can see there spirit-rapping and table turning surpassed. The familiar spirits of these Pagan Indians can really serve their masters, and show them things more wonderful than you conceive. Our great magnetizers would be astonished to see the facility with which these magnetizers manage the magnetic fluid, which I shall willingly term diabolical fluid."

A tradition of the Indian giant Outikon, who was said to inhabit the mountains on the north side of the St. Lawrence, below Cacouna, still lingers in that vicinity. Outikon was the genius of evil; as he claimed the soul of his victims, the sound of his voice caused death. The belief in this giant who devours men was common, with many variations, to almost all savage tribes. Another Indian deity, Gougou, was supposed to haunt the Island of Mission, near the Baie de Chaleurs. This monster, a woman of immense size, was provided with pockets sufficiently large to hold a ship; in these she kept her prey until she could devour it at her leisure.

It is claimed that the conquest of Canada by the English was predicted by an Indian witch years before the event actually happened. When a Canadian lumberman has the good fortune to kill a deer, he wraps himself at night in the skin, in order to keep off the witches. It is greatly to the credit of the French Canadians that, however sincere might be their belief in witchcraft, they never inflicted upon those accused of sorcery the cruelties practiced by their neighbors of Anglo Saxon origin.

A savage was allowed to have no power over a baptized Christian, except when in a state of mortal sin. Different descriptions of magic were practised among the Indians. One species of wizard was called a medicine man, and professed to cure disease; another sort was termed an "adocte," that is one who entered into a compact with a "Mahoumet." It is difficult to find the origin of this term, which the French colonists applied to the familiar spirits of the Indian sorcerers. A Canadian writer—Dr. J. C. Tache—offers the explanation that, considering the founder of Islamism the incarnation of all evil, the French applied this name, slightly altered, to these imps of darkness. Mahoumet was a species of goblin, who devoted himself to the service of his votary on the condition that the latter should offer him frequent sacrifices. He is described as a little man about two feet high, with a skin gray and shining like that of a lizard, and eyes that glowed like living coals. The adoctes bound themselves by a solemn oath, and it was only the sacraments of baptism, confession and absolution that could break the covenant.

Treachery between the contracting parties was not rare, neither being deterred by any scrupulous delicacy from trying to outwit the other; but as the adocte was the slave of his tormentor, he usually got the worst of the bargain. The spectre often became visible to his adocte, counselled him, and when not restrained by the influence of a magic superior to his own, aided him in his difficulties. Feuds between these wizards were of common occurrence; through the power of their respective Mahoumets they played each other many malicious tricks, but in the end the weaker invariably perished. Unless a wizard abandoned his evil practices he always died a violent death.

The devil plays a prominent part in the legendary lore of French Canada, but he does not appear as Lucifer, the star of the morning, the strong angel who fell through pride, but as the devil of monkish legend, a crafty and material being. The grotesque and comic elements are very apparent in his composition. His malice can be guarded against by simple means, as the sign of the cross, or calling upon Heaven or the Virgin will effectually banish the fiend.

In the rural districts of Canada, Satan's company may be confidently expected on all occasions. The presence of a little child in the room betrays the appearance of his Satanic Majesty, as the little innocent is sure to bewail itself vigorously. He may be met at a dance in the guise of a handsome young man who excels all the rustic gallants in appearance. He wears gloves to conceal his claws; and, disregarding the trammels of conventionality, keeps his hat on his head to hide his horns. He selects the prettiest girl as his partner; but his choice usually falls upon a coquette who, by dancing during Lent, or indulgence in frivolous vanity, has exposed herself to temptation. In the midst of the gaiety a strong odor of brimstone becomes perceptible, a piercing cry is heard, the attractive cavalier is abruptly wafted out of the window, carrying with him some useful domestic article, as the frying-pan or even the stove. If the girl should happen to wear a cross or a scapulary, she may escape with the scratch of a sharp claw. Canadian rustics never answer "enter" when a knock is heard at the door; they invariably respond "open." This is founded upon an old legend of a young woman who replied "enter" to such a summons, when the devil came in and carried her off.

When a priest is sent for to attend the sick, the devil is stimulated to his most lively activity, for then it is a question of the loss or gain of a soul. On such occasions a variety of the most unforeseen accidents are sure to happen. Prudent persons guard against such contingencies. Notwithstanding his zeal and versatility, Satan is often outwitted by mortals, though his subtle devices show discrimination and knowledge of character.

CAMELS IN AMERICA.—"It is not generally known that there are wild camels on the Colorado Desert, and these are the only wild camels to be found in the United States," says Captain Royston, of California. "Sometimes they are seen by overland passengers in the vicinity of Yuma, Ariz., but the Indians have killed nearly all of them within the past few years. Just before the war, when a transcontinental railroad was only a dream, the Government purchased about 20 for freighting across the desert. On the recommendation of Lieutenant Beale, afterwards General Beale, a commission was despatched to Asia, and these ships of the desert were brought in a sailing vessel to Indianola, Texas, thence overland to Arizona and California. The camels marched about 50 miles a day, each carrying from 600 to 1,000 pounds of Government stores.

"Believing that the experiment would prove successful, Commodore D. D. Porter ordered another cargo of about 70 camels. But the keepers did not understand the animal, and he refused to become domesticated. The camels stampeded to the desert—deserting the army, and Uncle Sam made no effort to captured the deserters."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T.—The White Lady of Avenel was a tutelary spirit protecting a noble but unfortunate family in Scott's novel, "The Monastery."

N. M.—What you say is true. We have all some opportunity and talent given us to accomplish it. The great art of life consists in making the most of your opportunities.

W. N.—We should imagine you to be young—under twenty—almost self educated, conscientious, and with rather a peculiar mingling of practical good sense and romance in your future.

ISABELLA G.—The disparity—seventeen or eighteen years—is by far too great. Listen to the calmer reasons of your friends. It is a common trick of young women, whose veneration is properly very great, to fall in love with men much older than themselves; but middle-aged women will tell them that they are foolish to marry such men. Like to like, youth and youth, age to age; January and May do not at all coincide or agree together.

G. H.—A letter should always be answered, and since your friend took no notice of yours, she would have no right to complain if you broke the acquaintance altogether. If you care much for her, and think that there may be some misunderstanding on her part, you might write a few kind lines asking for an explanation of her silence. It is just possible that she may have written, and that her letter may have failed to reach you. Your writing is very good for a girl of fourteen.

READER.—The double, and in some cases treble, crop of the figtree is one of the most curious circumstances belonging to its history, and further illustrates the value attached to it in the countries in the East. It affords the people fruit during a considerable portion of the year. The first ripe figs come to maturity about the latter end of June, though, like other trees, they yield a few ripe figs before the full season. When the first crop draws nears to perfection, the summer fig begins to be formed. This is the crop which is dried. When this crop is ripened in Syria and Barbary, there appears a third crop, which often hangs and ripens upon the trees after the leaves have fallen.

IGNORAMUS.—The redness of the setting and also of the rising of the sun is due to the fact of his rays passing through a very much greater amount of the earth's atmosphere than they do when he is some distance from the horizon. Viewed from the centre of the earth, there would be no change in his appearance, since the radii of a sphere being all equal, there could not be a greater amount of atmosphere in one direction than in another; but, when the observation is made from near the surface of the sphere, this is altered, the vertical depth of the atmosphere being small compared with what might be called it horizontal depth. Draw a diagram, and prove this for yourself. The reason why this great depth produces the effects seen is because the atmosphere absorbs the blue and green rays of the sun's light and allows the red ones to pass—and the greater the thickness of the absorbing medium the greater is its absorptive power.

NELLIE.—We say decidedly, do not allow you wary admirer to dangle after you in the manner you describe. What good can come of it? He is a selfish man, bent on his own amusement. He wishes to have the pleasures of courtship without the responsibilities of marriage; and that is not fair to you, unless you are of the same mind. In any case, such an indefinite association would be unwise. The difficulties of unmarried men and women in relation to each other are, first, that there are not sufficient opportunities for meeting pleasantly and naturally, so that character may display itself; and, secondly, when meetings do take place, they drift into a form of association which is more than friendship and less than courtship. This hazy form of attachment prevents them from knowing other men and women better, and yet does not lead on to their own marriage. If this man has given you vaguely to understand that he loves you dearly, and plainly so understand that he does not wish to marry, he is a selfish coward, and the less you have to do with him the better.

COMPLETE.

BY W. W. LOXG.

There's a face to me that's perfect,
With eyes that are soft and sweet;
And a heart that loves me ever,
With a love that is complete.

There's a voice that fills with music,
All the chambers of my soul;
There are lips that love to kiss me,
Making life a perfect whole.

Thanks To The Snake.

BY B. P.

"IS there very much more of this climbing, Mr. Elverton? I don't really think I can keep on much longer." And Lena Wolmer leaned up against a rock and panted for breath, as she looked at her companion, a handsome young man of five or six and twenty, whose sunburnt features took on a deeper flush beneath his broad-brimmed felt hat while he answered, penitently: "Miss Wolmer, I'm awfully sorry; but I thought we should have been on the top an hour ago. I really did, I assure you; and I am beginning to be afraid I have altogether miscalculated the distance somehow!"

"Are you quite sure this dreadful mountain has a top?" asked Miss Wolmer. "For my part, I have very considerable doubts on the subject. Or perhaps"—she went on with a laugh—"the trouble is that Mr. Elverton does not know how to find it? Come, Mr. Elverton, confess you have lost the way. Your easy manner does not deceive me in the least, and I have been quite convinced for some time that you were off the track; so you may as well make an open disclosure of your errors. What is the good of going on, up, and up, and up, and never apparently getting any nearer the end of our journey?"

The young planter looked somewhat abashed as he replied: "I have observed that as a general rule if one continues to go up a hill, one comes to the top some time or other. This mountain, however, I am bound to admit, seems fated to prove the opposite. In fact, as you very neatly put it, either Hantana has no top at all, or else"—— He paused, and met the merry sparkle in Miss Wolmer's eyes with a like twinkle in his own.

"Yes, Mr. Elverton?"

"Well, or else, I don't know how to get there. Now, the whole story is out, Miss Lena, and it only remains for you to crush me with your scorn."

"Then, you have lost the road! Oh, this is truly delicious!" cried Lena, clapping her hands. "What will Harry say, when he hears? You remember how he scoffed last night when you proposed the expedition; 'Nonsense! Take a lady through that jungle. It can't be done; the thing is perfectly preposterous, and not to be thought of.' He will never let us hear the end of this morning's work, I am afraid, Mr. Elverton."

"Me, you mean. He can't throw any contempt on your shoulders, Miss Lena. It is all my fault you have not seen the sun rise from the top of Hantana; and I shall never cease to be humiliated, when I think of it. However, don't let us dwell on our ignoble failure any longer. Suppose we throw the thing up now, and go no farther?" I can see you are fatigued; and you have done enough, anyway, already for the honor and glory of your sex; for I am quite sure no woman—no English woman, at least—was ever so far up the steep sides of Hantana. Besides, the sun is growing hot, and it will soon be almost dangerous for you to be out in it. Even as it is, we shall have a scorching going back to our horses, unless I am much mistaken."

"Well," assented Miss Wolmer, "I should not have liked to make the proposal myself, for I always hate to be the first to give in; but since you have owned to your sins so honestly, I don't mind confessing on my side that I've had quite enough of Ceylon mountaineering to last me for the rest of my life. Creepers and tree-fern are lovely to look at; but when it comes to struggling up hill through the jungle, I think I prefer the less picturesque vegetation of my native land. I must really have a rest before we begin the descent, Mr. Elverton."

"Are you so very tired, then," asked Tom Elverton, looking at her anxiously. "I shall never forgive myself, Miss Lena, if you are the worse of this mad exploit. I cannot forget it was I who proposed it. See—here is a stone that looks pretty comfortable. Do you think you could manage to get a little rest on it, while I go along this ridge a bit and see if I can't find you an orange or two? I think I can make out some native huts down in yon hollow, and there are always oranges or plantains in the Singalee man's garden. I'll have a look at the lay of the land too: there must be an easier way down, you know, for I have evidently got off the track somehow coming up."

"Very well," replied Lena. "Go, by all means, Mr. Elverton; and may every success attend you. I shall be glad if we can get back without passing through that scarlet lantana again; for, though it is so beautiful, I shall not soon forgot how it can scratch one's face and hands. But don't be vexed with yourself for bringing me here. I wanted to come just as much as you wanted to take me, and though I am just a little tired now, the whole trip has been delightful so far. I don't believe, moreover, the sunrise could have possibly been any grander from the top than from the point we saw it. The view of those waves of mist rolling off these great peaks was magnificent, and well worth all our toil; so, do not think for a moment I regret our expedition, Mr. Elverton, though in a certain sense it has been a failure."

"It is like you to say so," responded Tom gratefully. "All the same, I feel I have disgraced myself. I was so cock-sure I could find the way, I wouldn't even bring a coolie with us. If I had, we should never have got into this mess. But," continued the young planter in a lower tone, as he arranged Lena's shawl on the rock, and poked about with his stick to make sure no hidden snake or venomous spider would share her resting-place, "you must remember what a temptation it was to me to have you all to myself for a few hours."

Lena Wolmer's cheeks flushed, but she made no reply; and Tom, after lingering for a moment or two, as if expecting her to answer, went off, as he said, "to explore."

The young lady watched him disappear round the end of the next rock, and turned to feast her eyes on the prospect before her. The sun shone on miles of tea plantations, with here and there the picturesque bungalow of a planter, or a row of native huts, which Lena had already learned to call "lines." Amongst them all, she easily recognized the clump of trees in the midst of which stood her brother's bungalow, and her own present home.

Lena was a fresh arrival in Ceylon. A good many years younger than her only brother, the clever, long-headed proprietor of Duemalla estate, she had spent her orphan girlhood at a London boarding-school, and hardly ever remembered that she had a brother, except when his annual letter, containing the draft to pay her fees, brought him to her mind. But there were just these two left out of their family: he, the eldest, and she, the youngest; and when her school-days were done, there seemed nothing else for her to do but to go out and join him in his far-off home. Harry Wolmer was not greatly delighted. He had a poor opinion of women generally, and looked forward to his sister's arrival as a disagreeable event that could not be prevented. However, when she came, he was very kind to her, and endured with wonderful patience the invasion of his old bachelor privacy by all the young fellows round about, who came like bees to a sugar-bowl, as soon as the district learned that Wolmer's sister had appeared. The proprietor of Duemalla had really something to endure; his front veranda was besieged by ardent youths, who came uninvited to breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, and hung over the new mistress of the bungalow, listening to her conversation as if she were inspired, accompanying her songs on their violins, or bringing her the skins of all sorts of wild animals which they had shot, and snipe, which they implored her to have cooked for her dinner; while the back veranda was equally crowded with their horse-keepers, snoring comfortably in shady corners, or chewing the social betel-nut in the intervals of discussing their masters' characters.

However, Mr. Wolmer bore it all with great good-nature, and only inquired now and then of Lena when the wedding was to be, and which of all her adorers was the man of her choice.

Lena on her part enjoyed her position immensely. It was a new thing to her to be so courted and admired; and though she was sorry for the unfortunates whom she was constantly rejecting, her head was perhaps just a trifle turned by all the admiration she received. One very wealthy Scotchman paid her special attention, and she had determined to marry him. When he asked her, she would accept him, though she liked Tom Elverton best. But Tom was only a poor S. D., or "little master," as the Tamils say. In other words, he was simply Mr. Wolmer's assistant, and had not a penny beyond his salary. And Lena, who had been poor all her life, did not feel inclined to go on in poverty when luxury and riches were within her reach. So Tom had been rejected, like the other ten or eleven adorers who had offered themselves to Miss Wolmer; but he still came about the bungalow, though he had no hope in his heart. He could not bear to stay away, somehow; and yesterday, when Lena had expressed a wish to see the sun rise from Hantana, he had been lifted up into the seventh heaven of joy, when she accepted his offer of himself as a guide. To tell the truth, Lena was specially sorry for Tom; and though she was quite resolved not to marry him, she could not resist making him as happy as she was able, in the meantime. Her eyes got dewy now, as she thought of him and his tender care of her all the way up.

"Poor Tom!" she mused. "I wonder why the nicest people are always the ones that have no money? Now, if I had money, or he had been rich, we might have been happy together. But then, it is not to be thought of, Lena, my dear. A girl with ten pounds a year to her fortune can't marry a man with nothing a year for his, that's certain; and Harry says the same; so there's nothing for it but Mr.

Alexander MacAlpine, though Mrs. Alexander MacAlpine sounds dreadful compared with——"

But Lena did not finish her thoughts. The long rest after exertion, combined with the heat, was beginning to make her drowsy. The rustle of the leaves of a palm-tree near, as they flapped backwards and forwards in the breeze, sounded in her ears like the distant wash of the ocean, and she fancied herself back on board ship, lying in her berth, and listening to the lapping of the water against the side of the vessel. Then she was at school, and the governess was speaking to her, and telling her to wake up.

"Yes, Miss Martin," she tried to say, and struggled to lift her heavy eyelids, while Miss Martin seemed to stare at her with a strangely stony look. At last, with a great effort, she opened her eyes. There, facing her, and just rearing its head to strike, sat a large snake. His beautiful glossy skin shone in the bright sun, and his eyes fixed on her. Lena uttered not a sound—voice and tongue alike failed her; and helpless, almost paralyzed with terror, she sat looking at the horrible creature, not daring even to breathe, lest he should make the fatal spring. Afterwards, she remembered thinking—such strange things are we—how very exactly the two shades of brown matched in the markings of his skin. A moment passed thus; then suddenly there was a shout, and Tom Elverton, crashing through the jungle, caught the snake by the throat and strangled it. Quick as lightning it was done. Tom Elverton had not spent hours watching the native snake-charmers for nothing; but, in spite of his dexterity, the snake was swifter than he, and, twisting itself round in his hand, it bit him on the wrist ere it died.

"Oh, thank God!" cried Lena, beginning to tremble, now that the danger was over. "But it has bitten you, Mr. Elverton. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Never mind that," said Tom, looking at the creature, now lying on the ground. "I don't believe it was a dangerous snake at all. Anyway, you're not hurt, and that is the great thing. I dropped my stick coming back, else I could easily have knocked him over with that; but I might have struck you as well; so perhaps it was a good thing I hadn't it, after all."

Tom spoke lightly, but his face was visibly paling as he spoke. The pain was making him faint, and he leaned against the rock.

"Mr. Elverton," said Lena timidly, "let me bind up your hand for you."

He held it out without a word, and Lena looked at the mark of the bite. "Are you quite sure it was not a poisonous snake?" she asked falteringly.

"Well, perhaps not quite sure," he responded; "but I think not, Miss Lena."

She grew suddenly very red. "Do you remember the story about Queen Eleanor, Mr. Elverton?"

"Queen Eleanor?" he answered wonderingly, looking into her tearful eyes. "I am afraid I am rather hazy in my history. Oh," he abruptly broke off, "you mean about the poisoned dagger?" And his face flushed as deeply as her own. "No, Miss Lena, that would never do, thank you. A man might allow his wife to risk her life for him, perhaps; but this is different. I am not Mr. MacAlpine, remember," he concluded rather bitterly. "But if you will tie a handkerchief round my wrist, I shall be grateful to you for that; and then we must go down to our horses as fast as we can. I've found the road now, you'll be glad to hear."

"Tom," said Lena in a very low voice, "if you will let me be your Queen Eleanor now, I'll—I'll be your wife afterwards."

There is no need to record Mr. Elverton's reply. But there is a lady now in the assistant's bungalow at Duemalla, and the appu who used to cheat his master in the most systematic and barefaced manner, has fallen upon evil days, for he has to reckon with a stern mistress for every pound of sugar and measure of rice he brings from the bazaar. Consequently, Tom finds, to his great surprise, that he hardly spends any more money as a married man than he did as a bachelor; and his stores last out ever so much longer, now that "Queen Eleanor," as he calls his wife, keeps the godown keys.

In the centre of their cheerful drawing-room, mounted on a handsome brass stand, there is a splendid stuffed specimen of the snake tribe; which Tom occasionally shows his visitors. "That fellow was the best friend ever I had," he says, "for through his help I got my wife."

Mr. MacAlpine is still unmarried; but it is supposed in the district that he has lately "indented home" for a young lady to come out: and Mrs. Tom Elverton is particularly anxious to know what she will be like. "Though, Tom, my dear," she says, "I shall never be too glad I learned sense in time, thanks to the snake."

"The Only Female Mason."—Among the female celebrities mentioned in "Gossip of the Century" is the Honorable Mrs. Aldworth, daughter of the first Lord Donoraile, "the only female Mason." The true history of her remarkable adventure is told by the author with an air of authority. He heard it from Colonel Alcock Stawell, her grandson. "She was, as I have said, the daughter of Lord Donoraile, who seems to have enjoyed some privileges among Mason, and who was a 'Master,' and 'lodges' were held at his house. On the occasion of one of their meetings at Donoraile Castle they were assembled in a room or hall communicating with a smaller room, the door into which happened to be open. His young daughter, being occupied, quite by chance, in the inner room, unwittingly overheard all that was going on. Too much alarmed to know how to act, she at first thought that the meeting would shortly disperse, and that her accidental presence would never be known; and then again it occurred to her that she had far better escape, if it were possible to get away unperceived. She accordingly stole out, and, keeping close along the tapestry of the vast hall, in the gloaming successfully passed the gentlemen seated at the table in the middle of it, who were too much absorbed to notice her. She had reached the door and opened it, when, to her dismay, she found herself suddenly confronted with an unexpected sentinel, called the 'tyler,' whose office it is to guard the approaches whenever a lodge is held. This functionary, as in duty bound, brought his prisoner back into the middle of the hall, and presented the terrified girl to the assembly. A unanimous regret was frankly expressed for the fate the young maiden had incurred, but they agreed there was only one issue. 'Oh, no, gentlemen,' said Lord Donoraile, 'I am not going to lose my only daughter; you must find some other way out of it!' 'There can only be one "other way,"' replied the spokesman, 'but she is not a man; if she were, she might be sworn in as a Freemason.' 'Then,' said Lord Donoraile, 'she must be sworn in without being a man.' The conclusion was accepted; the young lady was sworn in then and there, and proved as loyal to her oath as the best man among them."

Bicycles of the Future.—"Now, here is our new machine," said the bicycle agent of 1994. "I was a great jump from steel, which was very heavy, to aluminium, so much lighter, but it is a still greater jump from aluminium to airinum, the new metal which they have lately discovered. This wheel is made of it.

"You see it weighs a good many pounds less than nothing. You notice that it is chained to the floor securely. If it were unloosened, it would fly up and knock a hole in the ceiling, and it would be hard work to pull it down again. Owing to the lightness of the metal, which, by the way, we extract from the air by the same process precisely that aluminium is extracted from the virgin clay, there is great difficulty in putting it into the shape of a machine, to properly hold it down while being worked; for the pieces often slip up out of the mechanic's fingers and take him on the nose, causing great soreness and swearness.

"The first machine we succeeded in completing we took out to try, but it got away from us and soared upward, and, my friend, there is little doubt but that the man in the moon is having a time all to himself with it, hang him!

"Our show room is not exactly fitted to display these new cycles. Common cycles, of course, are displayed on the floor. We intend to put in an iron ceiling and range them along in order there, with a rope to each to pull them down for inspection. We are not expected to get everything in proper shape all at once, it takes time. Now, the usual question will not be asked as to how much the machine weighs. It will be, 'How much will keep it down?' Just the reverse, you see, as the law of gravitation is just the opposite now to the centre of the earth; and so this is regulated by the amount of ballast you carry in your pockets, whether you want to chase tame ducks along the earth or catch wild geese up in the air—the weight of your ballast bringing you safely down, of course. The tires can also be filled with gas, and regulated for ascent or descent. Please step on these scales and let's see what gauge of the airinum you require."

Lac.—The lac of commerce is a resinous incrustation resulting from punctures of the twigs and branches of certain kinds of trees by insects. Its color varies from deep red to bright orange, and it occurs in brittle fragments. The female insects utilize it for the purpose of protecting their progeny. As soon as each one has covered herself with the secretion, which serves as a sort of cocoon, she lays her eggs and dies. The young, upon being hatched, make their way out through the crust, and seek green and juicy spots on the bark, inserting their proboscos and beginning to feed at once. They never wander from the branch where they first came into being. The latter, after affording nourishment to millions, finally withers and dies. Thus the extinction of the lac-making species would soon come about were it not for the fact that other insects and birds carry them about, planting new colonies in fresh places.

A sanitary authority insists catarrh and colds are caused, not by cold outdoor air, but by warm, impure indoor air.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

OF THE many different birds which possess to a marked degree the power of reasoning, there are none more intelligent than than the Chaparral Cock, or "road-runner," as it is commonly called in Southern California and the northern provinces of Mexico, where it makes its home. It is a bird of which the Mexican peons and Indians tell the most marvelous tales, and one which is held by them in almost religious esteem. Yet it is not a showy bird—far from it; the color of its plumage is unostentatious to a degree, being a sombre olive green intermingled with gray. In shape it much resembles the common English magpie, and is perhaps half as large again. It carries on its head a slight crest, somewhat similar to the jay's, which, while running, it keeps in constant motion. Though supplied by nature with a pair of wings capable of sustaining it in a long flight, it but rarely uses any other means of progression than its legs.

As the traveler leisurely drives along the sandy roads of Southern California, raising in his wake a cloud of dust, his attention will be drawn to one of these birds, which has suddenly appeared on the scene from the cactus of the surrounding plain. Dropping into a steady business-like gait, it will keep ahead of him some twenty five or thirty yards without any apparent effort. It matters not whether he urges his horse forward, or keeps it quietly jogging along, he will always notice this bird running about the same distance in advance; and under no other condition than that of his horse being pushed into a gallop, will it take to flight. For miles this strange bird will lead him in Indian file over roads dusty and uninviting in th extreme, upon which the sun beats down, with no tree, save here and there an isolated palm, to shade from its fierce rays. At last, when he has become so accustomed to seeing it in front of him, that he expects to arrive at his journey's end still convoyed by his strange companion, it will vanish from the scene to be lost in the cactus whence it so suddenly appeared miles behind. Owing to this peculiar habit, it is called and more commonly known as the road-runner.

When the writer was a new arrival in Mexico, he regarded the numerous stories told of its cunning by the natives with ridicule. Nor was it till after personally becoming acquainted with the strategy it brings to bear in the destruction of the crotalus (rattlesnake), that he likewise became one of its enthusiastic admirers.

It happened thus. The day was hot and sultry; the thermometer registered one hundred and four degrees in the shade, where such was to be obtained; and I, overcome by fatigue and heat, crawled under a manzanita bush to seek some protection from the sun. A good restful slumber it was impossible to obtain. Alternately, I was awake, then dozing off again. It was during one of those intervals, when the stifling atmosphere prohibited sleep, that I became conscious of a loud chattering close at hand. Inquisitive as to its cause, I rose to my knees and peered through the bush. Beyond it, I saw, on a little hillock near by, a pair of chaparral birds, with crests erect and wings beating the ground, in the act of circling round a large rattlesnake, at such a distance as to be out of reach, yet near enough to present from their actions a very formidable appearance. The latter was coiled in the position such reptiles always assume when on the defensive. The tip of its tail stood erect behind its head, giving forth that ominous rattle, at all times a certain signal of danger. For several minutes the birds kept up their dance round it; then one of them left, to return immediately, carrying in its bill a little ball of cactus. This it placed at a short distance from the snake, and again left to return with another. For the space of fully twenty minutes the two birds kept it coiled, one staying near at hand while the other went in search of cactus. At last they had encircled their victim with a barrier beyond which it could not pass, and behind which it was held as securely a prisoner as the convict in his prison cell. Having accomplished this, they stopped to rest.

The rattlesnake, confident in its death-dealing power, lay coiled, its wicked, restless eyes watching every movement made by its tormentors. Even then, it did not appear to appreciate the full extent of its danger, for had it not a hundred times before slowly mesmerized the birds of the desert, and would not a single stroke of its venomous fangs be sufficient to end the conflict then and there, as far as one was concerned? Little did it think, in all its self-confidence, of that bristling circle which encompassed it, and effectually cut off retreat on every side.

It was not until the short respite granted by its foes was concluded, and they commenced their attack, that it found itself hemmed in beyond all hope of escape. Presently, one of them hopped inside the ring. With feathers bristling and head near the ground, it approached the coiled snake much as one gamecock advances to give combat to another.

"Foolhardy bird!" I said to myself; "your days, nay, your very moments, are numbered."

Quicker than the thought had time to pass through my mind almost, the rattlesnake sprang towards it, and lo! the bird I had expected to see lie quivering in the sand, bitten to death by those awful fangs, lightly hopped outside the barrier unharmed. Before the snake had time to coil again, the bird's companion likewise hopped into the circle from the other side and pecked it in the rear. Then the battle waxed fast and furious. Time and again the rattlesnake coiled and darted at its nimble foes, but without avail. Their agility in getting out of harm's way was simply marvellous, neither did any fear of danger seem to be evident in their demeanor. On the contrary, they appeared to have calculated distances as nicely, and with as much coolness, as a Spanish bull-fighter ere he delivers his coup.

It soon became evident that the struggle could not last much longer, for the snake, owing to its great exertions, rapidly became weaker. From incessant striking and missing the mark, but never in turn being missed by the implacable chaparrals, it at last became so completely worn out that it had not the strength to coil. It then lay listlessly on the sand, limp, and powerless. Bleeding from a score of wounds, it presented the aspect of a thoroughly beaten foe. Helpless though it was, it faced its enemies to the last. Its eyes were settled in a vacant stare, and its tongue moved slowly from side to side. Finally, one of its relentless antagonists, rising to the occasion, rapidly descended upon its skull, by plunging its powerful bill through which, it quickly put an end to what had become an uneven struggle. Thus, with one convulsive shudder, the most venomous of all North American snakes lay dead at the feet of birds which, under ordinary circumstances, it might treat with impunity, but which, by the exercise of a truly wondrous strategy, had proved its master.

Strange to say, the plan of action they had adopted to cut off their victim's retreat, and likewise for their own safety, was very similar to the means used by cowboys and frontiers-men, when sleeping on the plains, to ward off the approach of rattlesnakes. So well is the latter's antipathy to anything bristling known, that before retiring for the night, the traveler who is compelled to sleep in the open takes his lasso—which in that country is made of horse-hair rope—and stretches it round him in a circle. Safe within, he goes to sleep without fear of molestation, for he knows that no snake can pass the barrier thus made. Curious as this seems, it is nevertheless a fact, for the irritation which the stiff, projecting bristles cause on entering the interstices between the scales, proves too great an obstacle to be overcome. To a much greater degree is this the case with cactus; and thus these strange birds of the desert have by observation arrived at the same conclusion, and wage war on their deadly enemy by following similar tactics to those employed by man in his own defence.

For some few minutes after all was over, I watched the two birds perched on the bough of a manzanita bush, loudly chattering to themselves a pæan of victory. As I did so, I thought how much is that vague thing styled instinct akin to human nature.

A walk to the scene of the late combat showed me the snake lying dead within the circle of cactus. Its tormentors had made no effort to devour it. There it lay just the same as when one of them had administered to it the final blow.

DISEASE IN RAILROAD COACHES.—In the laboratory of the Imperial Board of Health of Germany experiments were made, and the results which have been published show, says London Science Siftings, that the seeds of consumption were found in abundance in the dust collected, not only on the floors, but the walls and seats of carriages. Samples of dust were taken from 45 compartments of 21 different passenger cars, and 117 animals were inoculated with them. Part of these died very soon thereafter of various contagious diseases, before they had time to develop consumption; of the rest, killed four to six weeks after inoculation, three had tubercles. These three however, were inoculated with sleeping-carriage dust, taken, not from the floor, but from the walls, cushions, and ceilings. Bacteria at the rate of 78 000 per square inch were found on the floor of a fourth-class carriage, and 34,400, 27 000 and 16,500 per square inch on the floors of third, second and first-class carriages. Thus, even in the latter, the average passenger, who usually has at least half a compartment to himself, say 3000 square inches of floor, has an army of 49,500,000 deadly enemies aiming at his vitals on the floor alone, to say nothing of other millions in front and rear, on both flanks, and overhead. It would seem impossible to escape; but a Board of Health is said to have reported measures for removing or reducing the danger, which the railroads are considering.

A MAN strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "Well, so do you." The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

Our Young Folks.

ONE WINTER DAY.

BY A. H. B.

IT was very disappointing to have to go back to school just as the ice was able to bear, and Herbert Carter and Fred Drayton grumbled a good deal, saying that by the time their Saturday holiday came there would surely be a thaw. The two boys had been friends since they were four years old. Herbert was an only child, and Fred had but one sister; so as they lived close together they were able to share each other's lessons and amusements.

They were mistaken about the thaw, for on Saturday the ice was better than ever, and the ground was covered with powdery snow, the sun shone and there was scarcely any wind.

"Ready, Fred?" asked Bert about nine o'clock, as he called for his friend.

"Bert hasn't his overcoat—must I wear mine, mother?" Fred said rather discontentedly.

"I have two waistcoats though," said Bert; "come on, Fred."

Mrs. Drayton and Gertie stood at the window watching them off.

"I am glad the ice has kept so good," said Gertie heartily, as she turned away.

Crunch went the snow under their feet, the steel of their skates shone dazzlingly in the sunlight, and Herbert and Fred were in high spirits.

At first they were alone on the pond, which was not very large, but later on a party of boys from a neighboring school and other people came on, and Herbert and Fred were pushed about, and knocked down more than once.

"We may as well take our skates off," said Fred, rubbing his elbow, on which he had just fallen.

"Well, little shavers, why aren't you on the pond?" called out a cheerful voice; and Mr. Mitchell, the care-taker of a large empty house, came and stood beside them.

"We don't get much chance there," said Bert; "those big fellows are so rough."

Mr. Mitchell smiled.

"Look here," he said, "if I let you go on the pond in the Shrubbery will you promise to take no one else?"

"Oh, jolly!" said Bert, giving a jump; "we'll promise, thank you, Mr. Mitchell."

The man laughed as they started off, and he followed them to say—

"Go in by the wall-door, and keep to the broad end of the lake; we've had to break the ice at the other end."

The Shrubbery grounds were large and quite deserted. Once they had been carefully kept, but for some time time nothing had been done to them, though Mr. Mitchell kept the house in repair. He must have been busy about something that morning, for a long ladder was lying under the wall.

It was very still there. The snow was untrodden except in the path, and the birds had made queer little patterns by hopping about it.

"We shan't be disturbed here," said Fred swinging his skates round his head.

"And we can practice those figures," said Bert; "I should like to do them as well as—"

"Hullo," interrupted Fred, "there's someone on the lake."

They could not see very well because of the trees and evergreen bushes, but they saw something dark moving near the lake.

"He's going towards the part where the ice is broken. Hi! stop!" called out Bert.

There was no answer.

"Perhaps he's deaf," suggested Fred; "let's make haste."

Of coure there seemed more to hinder as they were so anxious to get on: Fred slipped and scratched his cheek rather badly against a bush, and Bert dropped his cap; yet they soon reached the lake.

But they were too late. As they came to it they heard a strange cry, there was a plunge, a crackling, but no one in sight.

"There he is, there he is," cried Bert, as a dark head appeared from the hole in the ice, and the sides were caught at frantically; "he'll drown, whatever shall we do?"

"If we get on the ice there, it will crack," said Fred, stamping about with the pain of not helping. "There, we must go, even if well in," he said, as an appealing groan came from the water.

"There's the ladder," said Bert suddenly; and only staying to cry that they were coming directly, they raced off for it.

It was heavy, almost more than they could carry, and it knocked against the trees. Fred quite sobbed once or twice, and Bert felt almost choked as he thought they might be too late.

Indeed, when they came to the lake again the head had disappeared.

"We've come. Oh, don't you hear us?" called out Bert.

They pushed the ladder over the ice till it was close to the hole: Fred had thrown off his overcoat and was in front of Bert, so he was first to plunge his arms into the icy water.

Bert was watching, eager to help at the right moment. Suddenly Fred's anxious face changed color, and he bent over the water actually laughing.

"It's nothing to laugh at when anyone's drowning," Bert said indignantly, for Fred had hold of something, of which, however, there was danger of his letting go.

"Here, give me a hand," he gasped out, "it isn't a person at all. Oh, do hold tight, we will save him now—it's a dog."

And a dog it was, as Bert could feel when he had his arms in the water. It was heavy and awkward to hold, but they dragged it out and got it to the side of the lake, where it lay still.

Fred and Bert rested a little while before they shook their stiff wet arms about: afterwards they looked at each other and laughed again. Then they went to look at the rescued dog.

"Let's try and save his life as we've gone so far," said Fred; "he can be wrapped in my coat."

"Isn't it Mr. Mitchell's Nero?" asked Bert.

"Why, so it is. I am glad we've saved him," said Fred; "let's work his legs about till he breathes."

Their rough surgery restored Nero, who soon got up and shook himself; he seemed to know what the boys had done for him, for he licked their faces and hands, then darted off to greet his master, who was just coming up.

"Whatever is it all about?" asked Mr. Mitchell, looking at the ladder and the boys' wet clothes.

When he heard what had happened he hurried them into the house, where Mrs. Mitchell found some dry things to wrap them in, dosed them with hot drinks, and rubbed their arms till there was no fear of their taking cold.

"I shouldn't like to have lost Nero," said Mr. Mitchell: "he's as sensible and affectionate as can be, and the missus always feels safe with him about."

"That I do," said Mrs. Mitchell; "and you two young gentlemen have done a real kindness to-day."

"But we thought he was a boy," said Bert.

"And you'd have saved his life if it had been," said Mrs. Mitchell.

"Won't the fellows laugh to think we didn't know a dog from a boy," said Fred rather dolefully.

"Never you mind their laughing," Mrs. Mitchell said; "I daresay they wouldn't have managed as cleverly; you thought of everything just right."

"We've had lessons about what to do if there are accidents on the ice," said Bert.

"We haven't had much skating," remarked Fred as they went home.

"No; yet it's been rather a jolly day," Bert answered.

* * * * * *

One morning a few weeks after, the two were surprised by their master making a little speech to them before the other boys. He said he was very pleased with their conduct: they had done their best to save life; and to show that they appreciated what they had done, he and the other masters had a little present for them.

Then he brought out a splendid set of cricketing things, with which Fred and Bert had many a good game the summer.

The two had many a laugh together over their adventure with Nero, but Gertie Drayton was not at all satisfied; she was proud of the cricketing things, but said the boys quite deserved to have had the Royal Humane Society's medal, though it happened to be only a dog they had saved. Yet some two or three years afterwards she had her wish in seeing both boys gain the medal she coveted for them, as when they were staying at the sea-side they risked their own lives in order to save two little girls who were in danger of being drowned.

Our Work.—Whether we are happy in our work or not depends upon the way in which we do it. The man who goes to his task reluctantly, like a scourged slave, has no enjoyment in his labor. It is, to him, like a perpetual punishment. How slowly, to his eyes, the sun rises to its zenith! How slowly it sinks to the western horizon! With leaden feet the weary hours go by. And he dreads the morrow which is to be but a repetition of the dreary to-day. His sluggish pulse does hardly beat. He seems but half alive. How different it is with the man who works with a will! Whatever he touches becomes at once interesting to him. He is absorbed in what he is about, and he exclaims at night, "How short the day has seemed!" Not an hour has hung heavily on his hands.

Disappointing a Proud Father.—A proud father had, just before dinner, been telling the visitor how clever his little daughter was. He said it was not precocity; it was intelligence. When she learned a thing she knew its value, and she never was known, like other children, to ask foolish questions. "You'll see now. If that child asks a question about anything it will surprise you with its sense." At dinner the conversation turned upon Austria. The intellectual child was taking it all in. In a pause in the talk, she piped out: "Papa!" "What is it, my dear?" said the proud parent, with a pleasing smile, as he looked at the visitor, as much as to say, "Now's your chance; you listen." "Papa, are they all ostriches in Austria?"

Goose quills for pens sold in London in 1542 at 20 cents a thousand.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The "fly-eater" of Cuba is said to be the smallest bird in the world.

Eighteen tourists are said to have lost their lives in the Alps this season.

Women sculptors appear to be coming to the fore in the various countries.

More than 700 Lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

It is said that robbers are convicted by a vote of the community in some parts of Japan.

The height of the great bell in Moscow, the largest in the world, is 26 feet 4 inches.

A 10-line ad. in all the newspapers in the United States would, according to Printer's Ink, cost $12,150.

War news from China costs the English newspapers $1.87 a word, and from Japan $2.60 a word, for cable tolls.

To obtain gold from sea water by means of electrolysis, Dr. Wurtz predicts will be one of the problems of the future.

The States having the greatest percentage of negro population are: South Carolina, 58.35 per cent., and Mississippi, 57.58 per cent.

Scorpions are the most quarrelsome creatures in the world. Two placed in the same box will always sting each other to death.

Mohammedans always, whether they are resident in their own country or in one of adoption, bury their dead without a coffin of any kind.

The Coroner's inquests for London show 60 deaths yearly from hunger without counting persons who commit suicide in extreme want.

One of the new rifles used by the Italian soldiers sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 4000 feet.

An ox with a natural knot in the middle of its tail belongs to Zeke Cloths, of Mobile, Ala. Several surgeons have made futile attempts to untie the knot.

Matsu Hito, the Japanese Emperor, who celebrated his 42d birthday lately, has given Japan the telegraph, railroads, ironclads and perfected modern military equipments.

A movement has begun in France for the introduction of English legislation in relation to illegitimate children. In France the father cannot at present be charged with maintenance.

A shipment of 50,000 bushels of corn recently from Alabama to Illinois and Iowa marks a new era in internal commerce. Shipments of this cereal have been hitherto in the opposite direction.

The Prince Regent of Bavaria gives presents on his anniversary day instead of receiving them. His last gift was a hundred bottles of diphtheria serum for the Hopital for Poor Children at Munich.

In the days of the Roman Empire the hospital system grew and flourished with the extension and dominance of the Christian religion. Yet one of the earliest of the regular hospitals was built by a Pagan, a senator named Antoninus.

For the first time in 21 years a criminal case came up on a writ of error before the Court of Queen's Bench a few days ago. Writs of error in England apply only in cases of mistakes in the pleadings. The last case on record was that of the Tichborne claimant in 1873.

The Patent Office has received a valuable acquisition to its museum in a fac-simile copy of the first patent of an invention issued in America. It was granted by the General Court in Boston, on March 6, 1646. Joseph Jenkes was the patentee, and his invention a water wheel.

A FADED FLOWER.

HE stood by the doorway watching her. The ball was nearly over. Many of the dancers had already taken their departure, more were getting into their wraps or stood in the hall waiting for their carriages to be announced.

The ball room, large as it was, has been too full for real dancing the greater part of the evening; and the desires provoked by the excellence alike of floor and music had had to go unsatisfied.

Its partial emptying was therefore, eagerly taken advantage of by the enthusiastic couples who still remained.

The girl whom the man in the doorway was watching so eagerly would have invited attention anywhere; here she absolutely compelled it. Her cheeks were colored with that delicate flush which, unhealthy though it may be, has a far subtler charm than the rude glow of health, and which contrasted marvellously with her almost black hair. The motion of her supple body as, clad in a soft white gown, she floated round to the music of a dreamy waltz was indescribably graceful; she danced as one to dancing born, with an entire absence of effort.

Beside her irresistible presence her partner passed unnoticed. It was only when the dance came to an end, and he led her to a seat, that you took the trouble to observe him and remark that he was good-looking in a somewhat superficial style, clean shaven save for a small mustache—to be brief, obviously military.

The man in the doorway eyed the pair curiously. His gaze rested for an instant on the man, and his lips unconsciously tightened—at this moment his plain face seemed almost repulsive; it passed to the girl and the lines around his mouth smoothed out again, the look in his eyes seemed softer; he had changed in a moment from the mere animal of ungovernable passion to the rational sentient man, the product of centuries of education and training.

He was perfectly aware that his passion was entirely hopeless; he knew that if he had won her love a wife was a luxury entirely out of the question, he was even conscious that her marriage with the man who now sat beside her was already arranged.

But for all that the attraction she exercised for him was irresistible; for a man he was curiously sentimental, and the mere fact that she was somewhere near him, in sight, within hearing, was the cause to him of a keen pleasure. It was a pleasure, too, that he went to infinite trouble to gratify. He was not a dancing man, and, under ordinary circumstances, would never have dreamed of sitting up talking to wearisome "wall-flowers" or taking captious chaperons into supper till four in the morning. But her presence seemed to make everything possible, and night after night he would hang about different ball-rooms on the off-chance of seeing her, thinking the most commonplace remark, if only it came from her lips, ample recompense for his hours of waiting.

To-night he had thought her looking lovelier than ever; and when at last, radiant with smiles, she passed, leaning on her lover's arm, out into the hall, he followed aimlessly, his heart divided between the desire to do something desperate—he knew not what—to the man who was soon to be her husband, and a mad wish to kiss even the hem of her trailing skirt.

"Come on, Jack," "we can take you part way of the way."

The pair passed down the steps and followed her mother into the carriage.

And as it drove away, the man who was not to be her husband stooped quickly down and picked something up, and when a few minutes afterward he walked out into the night, his step was brisk and active, and his eyes sparkled, for the flower—her flower—lay next his breast, a souvenir to be sacredly treasured throughout many a long year.

It was a very small thing, no doubt, perhaps even ridiculous, yet the fact that he possessed something that had once been hers, that had nestled close to her all the evening, made him very happy, and he kissed the blush-red bud a hundred times before he fell asleep.

And, while his kisses eat into the soft petals, she, rolling rapidly homeward through the fast-breaking dawn, noted that the rose her own fingers had pinned in her lover's coat was gone.

"You naughty boy, Jack," she said sleepily, "what's the use of my getting you button-holes, if you don't take care of them?"

STARTING IN LIFE.—How important it is, if possible, to ascertain something concerning the end as well as the beginning of the critical passages of life! With the best intentions and the utmost care sad mistakes are sometimes inevitable, but they far oftener result from lack of consideration. Youths who are just entering upon a business career are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, utterly incompetent to determine for themselves the line for which they are best qualified; nor have those who have authority over them always the requisite judgment, or insight, or patient observance, or even disinterestedness, to guide their choice aright. Sometimes the parents mistake the lad—sometimes the lad disregards the parents; but to whomsoever attributable, whenever an error has been committed at the outset, he is sure to reach a limit beyond which there is for him no hope of further progress in that direction. We meet with the proofs of this every day. A large proportion of failures in life are to be traced to this as their main cause. Owing to whatever influences, young people have been started in a line for which they are totally unfitted; and when they have gone too far to retreat, the discovery is made that there is no egress for them, and that they must stay where they are, and put up, as they best may, with their disappointment. Well will it be for us if the whole line of our march through life does not terminate in a similar disappointment. In this case we shall be able to blame none but ourselves, for every precaution has been taken to forewarn us.

A ROMANCE.—A remarkable romance in real life has just been rounded off in Oregon. About 29 years ago James Hard went to work for a farmer named Arnold, in Jackson county Oregon, and a few months later married Arnold's stepdaughter. Soon after trouble arose between the two men. Arnold took his daughter away from Hard, and when Hard went after her the two men quarreled, and the result was Arnold was shot dead and Hard fled the State. His wife secured a divorce and remarried. Her husband died a few years ago. Three years ago, Hard returned to Jackson county, was recognized, arrested for the murder of Arnold and sent to the penitentiary for a long term. During his trial his former wife visited him frequently, the old love revived and she worked her hardest to secure his release. She circulated a petition for his pardon, and after two years her efforts were successful, and Hard was released. A few days ago the two were reunited in marriage near their first home.

WAITING.

BY C. W

Only a tiny battered shoe,
Tied with a ribbon of faded blue;
A crease just here, where a dimple lay
A rent which two mischievous fingers tore—
Not much of a treasure to love and store?
Ay, you may laugh, you make shake your head,
But here the gem of my life lies dead.

Into my life one winter's day
Crept a child-angel from far away;
And my heart went out at my baby's kiss,
And the touch of his fingers was infinite bliss;
And I dreamed of the path that his feet should tread,
Strewn with laurel and roses red;
He should pass through life, and the world should be
Enriched by his love and his purity.

Heart—my heart, was I much to blame?
Did I dream too oft of a sinless name?
Perchance the angels in pity saw
Grief and anguish for me in store;
For up in the city of God he waits
Till Time rolls open the golden gates.
Ah, sweet little shoe on my heart that lies,
I shall see my darling in Paradise!

SOME SNAKE LORE.

SUPERLATIVE ophiolatry or snake worship died in Britian with the Druids. Perhaps the single direct survival of the worship is the belief in Cornwall and Wales that snakes meet in companies on Midsummer Eve, join their heads together, and, by hissing, form a kind of bubble round the head of one of them, and so continuing to hiss and blow on the said bubble, cause it to fall off at the tail, when it immediately hardens and resembles a glass ring. This ring, worn as an amulet, is supposed to confer prosperity, success in law matters, safety of person, and other advantages, on a lucky finder. Curiously enough, Pliny, gives a similar account of the origin of, and credulities connected with, this snake ring, or egg—anguinum ovum—amongst the people of the Gallic provinces, instructed by their Druids; adding that it is totally omitted by the Greek authors. He gives an account of one that he actually saw, but this really appears to have been the shell—marine or fossil—of the echinus marinus (sea-urchin), for Camden, "Britannia," says of the real stones:

"They are small glass annulets, commonly about half as wide as our finger-rings, but much thicker; of a green color usually, tho' some of them are blue, and others curiously wav'd with blue, red, and white. I have also seen two or three earthen rings of this kind, but glaz'd with blue, and adorn'd with transverse streaks or furrows on the outside."

Davies, "Mythol. and Rites of the British Druids," writes of these stones, called Glain Naidr—i. e., addergiass—that they "were artificial, can hardly admit of a doubt, though some have hastily confounded them with certain productions of nature. We find some of them blue, some white, a third sort green, and a fourth regularly variegated with all these sorts of colors, but still preserving the appearance of glass, whilst others again were composed of earth, and only glazed over."

The phrase, "snatched over the ford," again singularly connects the British and Gaulish superstitions, for Pliny remarks that it was necessary for the finder to put running water between the snakes and himself.

Examples of the glain are frequently found in ancient British tumuli; and, doubtless, symbolised the resurrection, for Mellyr, another bard, calls Bardsey "The holy island of the Glain, in which there is a fair representation of a resurrection."

There are offshoots of the original superstition. Richard Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," writes: "The country people have a persuasion that snakes here breathing upon a hazel wand produce a stone ring of blue color, in which there appears the yellow figure of a snake, and that beasts bit and envenom'd being given some water to drink, wherein this stone has been infus'd, will perfectly recover of the poison." Mr. Hunt, in his "Popular Romances of the West of England," says the country people now declare that it is not safe to venture on the Downs at Land's End without a millpreve—possibly from millepore—which a correspondent of his affirms to be coralline limestone, the sections of the coral passing for entangled young snakes.

Apart from these, however, there are in Britain many strange credulities regarding the snake; strange in that the reptible is here insignificant in size, and comparatively weak in venom; though occasionally, withal, a suggestion of reverence may be observed in connection with it, a little due to vague traditional worship, and somewhat born of physical repugnance. In Sussex, they say these lines are written on the adder's belly:

If I could hear as well as see
No man or breast should pass by me.

A belief in the deafness of the adder is, or was, a vulgar error throughout the country; if, in truth, it was confined to the vugiar, for Randolph, in "The Muses' Looking-glass," has, "How blest the adders that have no ears!"

Near Leeds they say that when a snake crosses the path rain is near; and in West Sussex to kill the first snake you see in the year gives you power over your enemies for a twelvemonth, or its skin hung up in the house brings good luck to the tenant. In Shropshire, the dragonfly is the supposed harbinger of the adder, and is consequently called the Ether's Nild or Needle, and the Ether's Mon (man) in various parts of the county. In the Isle of Wight they give the insect the name snakestanger for a like reason. A sickly-looking person with a ravenous appetite is said to have a "nanny-wiper" in his or her stomach, and the only way to lure it forth, say the Sussex people, is to fill a saucer with milk and lie near it with the mouth open, feigning sleep. The nanny-wiper will shortly creep forth to drink the liquor, and may then be killed. In the North Country it is believed that if a native of Ireland draw a ring round a toad or adder, the creature cannot get out, and will die there; but in the West Country, one should make the sign of the cross within the ring, and repeat the first two verses of the sixty-eighth Psalm. Mr. Hunt states that he once saw a snake not yet dead within a circle, and was told by a gardener that the creature had been so charmed. Gerard, in his "Herball," follows Pliny in the idea that the ash-tree is so obnoxious to the snake that it will sooner pass through a circle of fire than a ring of the leaves of that tree; but Culpepper says, "The contrary to which is the truth, as both my eyes are witness." At Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, at the present time, a snake, however maimed, is invariably hung securely over the bough of the nearest tree, so that it may not escape, for the belief lingers here, as in many parts of the country, that the crawling thing cannot die until sundown.

Over 1000 varieties of postal cards have been issued in the world in 35 years.

SUCCESS WELL WON.—The author of "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History," Sir Henry Parkes, was walking down a Melbourne street one day when he was stopped by a middle-aged gentleman, who exclaimed—

"This is a pleasure I have been longing for through many years!"

Parkes looked at him, but was obliged to answer that he could not recollect him.

"Not recollect me!" said the stranger; "do you remember this walking-cane?"

Parkes took the cane and at once recognised it as his own handiwork when a lad; and then he knew the man as his dear youthful friend, from whom he had parted more than thirty years before in London. In his book Sir Henry presents the case of this man as an illustration of the success which often crowns industry, frugality, and capacity in a new country.

The young man was a compositor working for small wages in England. During the rush to Victoria which followed the discovery of gold he emigrated to that country, where he dropped at once into employment at what must have appeared to him almost fabulous pay—ten to twelve pounds a week. His habits were thrifty and he began saving his money. Pretty soon he had enough to order a general printer's outfit from England.

By the time the goods arrived he had still further increased his capital, and at the same time had engaged himself to a young woman. The marriage took place without delay, and with a light dray and a covered van the couple set out for the goldfields in search of a suitable place for the establishment of a newspaper.

They settled in what was then an obscure "diggings," and the Bramblewood Advertiser was started. The man was editor, reporter, compositor and pressman, and he and his wife not only folded the papers, but delivered them at the diggers' tents.

By working hard and keeping expenses down they got on, and by-and-by were so successful that a rival appeared upon the scene, bringing with him from Melbourne "a young University man as editor, a gentleman as overseer, and another as bookkeeper."

The editor of the Advertiser was not greatly disturbed.

"We shall soon need to extend our offices," he said to his wife, "and it will be cheaper to buy out our new neighbors than to send to Melbourne for material."

Everything fell out as he anticipated. The new enterprise was swamped by its expenses, and he purchased all its effects, "stock, lock, and barrel," at very satisfactory prices.

From that he went on, and by the time Parkes met him he was a wealthy man—a magistrate of the colony and a director of large charities.

In all that time he had never seen the friend of his boyhood. Now he took him to his house.

"There," says Sir Henry, "he went to a room he called his study and returned with a bundle of mementos of our divided past—scraps of rhyme written by me and printed by him on slips of paper when we were boys; little articles made by me and given to him as keepsakes in those far-gone days; newspaper portraits and personal descriptions which he had come across during his Australian life—all carefully treasured in evidence of that friendship which for so many years had found no voice, and which now broke upon me with such genuine beauty."

In Germany the works of Sir Walter Scott are used as a school text-book.

Latest Fashion Phases.

For winter goods, large Scotch plaids are liked, also hair effect and boucle goods, in which the check is formed partly by the hair effect lines and partly by color combinations. It must, however, be stated that the fashionable dressmakers only use a little of these goods.

A diagonal ground has a barege-like face. New also are the wavy materials, which are a development in winter fabrics of the wavy summer crepons. The crepy face is of silk and woolen threads, plain and in two tones, while the ground, in order to facilitate the work, is usually woven plain. This material is sufficiently complete in itself to require little trimming for an elegant dress.

Zibeline materials, which are vicuna-like fabrics, are available in all colors and in designs which are almost covered by long, unshorn hair ends on the surface that give to the fabric a very wintry appearance.

A material which promises to become a very important factor this season is "velour de coton," a cotton velvet. There is a decided tendency for this fabric, especially in check effects in small patterns, which are nearer to the checks of the past season, but in dark color combinations.

Out of this material are made entire dresses of street wear, while for garnitures, sleeves, waists, etc., is used a similar fabric, but made of silk, which for its elegance has the advantage over its cotton competitor, and being higher priced it is more suited to the better class trade.

To this same family belongs a novelty which has made a decided success in some quarters, and which has been called "Velour Albigeois" by its sponsors. This is a striped velvet, in which the stripes are in two tones, each two-fifteenths of an inch wide. The best color combinations in these are black and white, moss and lavender, rubis and black, maroon and lavender, etc.

This novelty promises to do very well, and has already been imitated, and in the original or in the imitation is to be seen at all the dressmakers. Besides the designs mentioned, others are to be seen in wider stripes, dots, small flowers. The novelty in these consists in the new color combinations.

What may be considered the very latest novelty is moire scintillante. This is a satin frame tissue, which by means of a special process is changed into a dull moire.

This material is an article that may become a leader. The manufacturers of ready-made garments are using it in the dark shades and dressmakers bring it out for better class toilets in the higher shades of lavender, marine-blue and in the new light shades in mouse, old gold, etc.

In fancy silks there has been very little shown or used that is very new. There is hardly a novelty in this field that can be mentioned. Silk dresses are being made, but the designs vary little and are only remarkable by the new and original color combinations. Among these all the bleuet shades figure prominently.

We have a very pretty novelty introduced for young ladies' dinner or evening dresses; it is the Isme bodice, which though not a low bodice is not quite high. In fact it is as high as a square opening for the permits. This square opening is formed thus: The bodice is gathered on a plain band in the front and at the back, and both bands are joined together at the sides by a plain tab, forming the epaulette. The square must be perfectly regular, and at each corner is placed a tiny rosette of ribbon, generally black, in fact the typical Isme bodice is white or pale yellow, with black velvet rosettes, a black velvet necklet and belt. But it is also made as a bodice to a dress that is with the skirt to match, in which case it may be in any color and trimmed en suite.

A lovely evening gown is in white satin, covered with pale heliotrope, accordion-kilted chiffon studded with silver spangles. Bodice ornamented with blue and white flowers.

Satin effects in plain and brocaded goods lead, however, for evening toilets, designs being small, and colors running white, pink, bleuet, torquoise, yellow, black and cherry. Chiffon is used in black or white with every color, and its use has introduced high corsages for full dress.

Another beautiful evening gown in rich, white brocade, the bodice trimmed en Zouave, having a square collar with broad trimmings of green velvet bordered with lace, carried down the entire length of the sides of the gown, which were bound with green velvet. This style, opening over a distinct front, is a well-worn fashion.

Satins of delicate colors or white are chosen for debutantes' gowns. They have full "baby" waists slashed to disclose plaited chiffon or point d' esprit, the slashed edges being embroidered with paillettes or seed pearls, and the round necks having a full, soft trimming of rosettes of lace or chiffon. Sleeves are short and full, but gracefully manipulated to fall in flower-like petals or spread like a butterfly's wings. An ivory-satin gown has a "baby" waist of emerald-green velvet, which droops ovhr the jeweled girdle. The satin sleeves are veiled with chiffon flounces edged with yellow Valenciennes, and a band of jeweled passementerie set in rosettes of lace finished with low neck.

The fashion of light-colored dress materials with dark velvet sleeves is continued, and is effective. For dinners and evening dresses we have been shown a dress of old pink China crepe, with golden-brown velvet sleeves, which really pleaded in favor of the mixing of colors. Others are straw-color and black velvet and pearl-gray amethyst.

Dresses of thick cloth or granite are made quite plain, a very narrow border of skunk or astrakhan fur is placed over the hem of the skirt, and sometimes headed with a passementerie edging. The bodice is generally more elaborate, and trimmed with draped epaulettes and revers, or some sort of bertha.

Fur is worn to edge low necks and skirts, but cannot be called a universal style; probably the cost of sable, which is used, has a potent effect upon the fashion.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Chicken Pie.—Chicken pie made by this recipe is excellent cold: Save the neck, the tips of the wings, the gizzard and the liver of the chicken and the feet. Pour boiling water over the feet, leave them a moment, then pull off the outer skin and nails. After these are removed put the feet with the other parts. They are quite important, as they contain the gelatine which forms the gravy around the chicken when the pie is cold into a delicious jelly. Stew the skinned feet, wing-tips, neck and giblets, which have been well cleaned, in just enough water to cover them, add a slice of onion, one of carrot, and let the water simmer gradually till it is reduced one-half; add a few drops of lemon juice or a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, and some jellied stock, if necessary. Pour this gravy around and over the chicken in the pie and cover it with a paste, and bake it until the crust is a fine brown. It is better to strain the gravy before pouring it over the chicken. Some people add little egg-balls or slices of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and rings made of the whites.

Plum Pudding.—Half a pound of a finely minced suet, free from skin, half a pound of well-washed and dried currants, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, four spoonfuls of freshly-grated white bread crumbs, three spoonfuls of dried and sifted flour, five ounces of sugar, three whole eggs, enough milk to mix these ingredients, three ounces of finely chopped citron peel, one-half of a nutmeg (grated) and a spoonful of brandy. This can be boiled either in a cloth or a mold. It should be boiled steadily for 8 or 9 hours and it will then keep for a considerable period. When wanted for use it must be boiled three or four hours, according to the time it was first cooked. As a general rule, to be good, a plum pudding requires altogether 12 hours' steady cooking. It should be remembered that it must not go off the boil the whole time it is cooking.

Mincemeat.—Take two pounds of stoned and chopped raisins, two pounds of well-washed and dried currants, two pounds of finely chopped apples, two pounds of well picked and finely minced suet, one pound of sugar, one-quarter of a pound of grated Naples biscuits (sponge fingers), two ounces each of finely minced candied orange, lemon and citron peel, one of grated nutmeg, a small quantity of powdered cloves, half a pint of brandy and a cupful of port wine; four ounces of blanched and finely chopped almonds, and the juice and finely grated peel of a lemon are a great addition. This mincemeat should be kept some time before using it.

Pumpkin Pie.—Cut the pumpkin into small pieces and stew in half a pint of water; when soft, mash fine through a colander. Set the kettle on the stove and mash the pumpkin against the sides of the kettle so that the water may all drain off and dry away, taking care not to let the pumpkin burn or scorch. This process will take nearly half an hour. For one pie take one egg, half a point of rich milk, half a cupful of sugar, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of pumpkin; stir well together, and season with cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg. Bake in under crust.

Oyster Pie.—Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and around the edge, but not on the bottom. The oysters should be as large and fine as possible; drain off part of the liquor from them; put them in a pan, and season to taste; have ready the yolks of three boiled eggs, chopped fine, and grated bread crumbs. Pour the oysters with as much of their liquor as you please into the dish with the paste. Strew over them the chopped eggs and grated bread; roll out the lid of the pie and put it on, crimping the edges. Bake in a quick oven.

Green Apple Pie.—Stew well-grown green apples, mash and strain. To every pint of the apples add half a teacup of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and the beaten whites of two eggs; flavor with lemon and nutmeg; line pie pans with puff paste, fill with the apples; bake very quickly, cover the top with meringue and set it in the oven one minute to brown slightly.

Cranberry Sauce.—Put three pints of carefully picked over cranberries into a porcelain-lined or granite kettle, with one-half pint of water, cover and allow to stew slowly until tender, then add one pint of granulated sugar. Allow to come to a boil and remove from the fire. If preferred pass through a colander to remove the skins; pour into a mould and stand away to cool.

Oysters on the Shell.—Wash the shells, and put them on hot coals or upon the top of a hot stove, or bake them in a hot oven. Open the shells with an oyster knife, taking care to lose none of the liquor, and serve quickly on hot plates with toast. Oysters may be steamed in the shells, and are excellent eaten in the same manner.

Reliable under all circumstances is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the people's friend.

STOUT AND FAMOUS.—It is frequently asserted that fat is deadening to the brain and consequently a foe to intellectual activity. But is this so? Some of the greatest men the world has ever known were plump even to obesity.

Napoleon was decidedly so.

Dr. Johnson was fleshy even to flabbiness. So was his biographical shadow, Boswell.

Balzac, the great French novelist, was so stout that it was a matter of exercise to walk round him, and he was encircled with bandages as if he were a hogshead.

Rossini, the composer, was a regular Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees.

Dumas pere was stout, and Sainte-Beuve was cursed with the stomach of a Falstaff, as Renan was.

Eugene Sue had such aversion to his growing corpulency that he drank vinegar to keep it down, and yet he wrote "The Wandering Jew." A man is not necessarily fat-witted because he happens to have a boundless stomach.

ONLY FREIGHT TRAINS.—It is said that John Newell, recently deceased, while President of the Lake Shore road, was so opposed to the pass system that he even declined to issue passes to railway officials, which, under the courtesies between railroad officials, had been the custom, and when he issued passes he limited such transportation to certain trains, so restricting the pass that but few railway officials have ridden on the fast mail or the limited trains of the road. On a recent New Year's President Newell made up his packet of exchange passes and sent them out. Across the end of the one he sent President Caldwell was printed in red ink the words: "Not good on limited or fast trains." By return mail came President Caldwell's annual pass on the Nickle Plate to President Newell. Across its face, in flaring red ink and in the bold handwriting of President Cadlwell, were written the words: "Not good on passenger trains."

Grains of Gold.

Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

Truth never dodges, no matter who shoots.

The outlook is never so good as the uplook.

No man can hate another without hurting himself.

The man who prays right will do his best to live right.

In most cases the reformer goes away from home to begin work.

Temptation will follow us to the gate of heaven, but it cannot go in.

If you would be able to do great things, be faithful in little ones.

It won't make the day any brighter to complain of the cloudy weather.

The hardest work any man can undertake, is to try to manage himself.

The world needs men who will do right, no matter what is to come of it.

Nothing is to be gained by talking of heaven to a man who worships money.

Wisdom is the faculty of knowing what delusion one is happiest in believing.

To a man who can pleasantly commune with his own thoughts, solitude is the best company.

Pain is the deepest thing we have in our natures, and union through pain has always seemed more real and holy than any other.

The earth moves.—Evidence, you can buy a first-class liniment, Salvation Oil, for 25c.

Femininities.

Mrs. Emma Scott, of Birmingham, Ala., has been elected Enrollment Clerk of the Alabama Senate.

A great many girls say "No" at first, but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negative.

He, impatiently: "You bet if I were a woman I'd make up my mind mighty quick." She: "Then you wouldn't be a woman."

The famous Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, is considering for the first time in its history the advisability of giving degrees to women.

"How have you taught your baby to talk so young?" "It's just as easy as can be; I sit down at the piano and sing and she naturally tries to say something to her papa."

Nodd: "I had an awful row with my wife this morning over a silver penholder she recently gave me." Todd: "What was the trouble?" Nodd: "She caught me using it."

Mrs. Winsome: "What makes Mrs. Gabsy keep her clock two hours fast?" Mrs. Winsomemore: "So she'll know all the gossip of the town two hours before it happens."

Miss Rosebud: "Why is it that they put a diamond in the engagement ring and none in the wedding ring?" Old cynic: "Because all the glitter ends with the marriage."

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette maker of Newark, N.J.

Maud: "He asked me to marry him, but he had only a broken heart to offer me." Marie: "Did you accept him under those conditions?" Maud: "Yes; his bank account was intact."

Antoinette Humphreys, a Cincinnati girl, is said to hold Governor MacCorkle's commission as a Colonel in the West Virginia militia. The fair Colonel is 19 years old and comely.

Mme. Rejane, the French actress, is now recognized as the setter of the fashions for Paris, it is said. Her hair is slightly redder than mahogany, and red hair is all the rage at the French capital.

"I notice they are putting fenders in front of the trolley cars," said young Mr. Fitts, as he sat down to dinner. "Oh, how kind!" twittered Mrs. Fitts; "they will be so nice for the poor motormen to warm their feet on when the weather gets cold."

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity." "Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."

Mrs. Rosa M. Avery, the famous anti-slavery propagandist, who died in Chicago recently, was born in Ohio. She organized the first anti-slavery society ever known, in Ashtabula, O., and not a clergyman in the place would give notice of its meeting so late as two years before the war.

One of the most important advances in favor of women that has been made recently is the unanimous adoption of the following resolution by the Board of Regents of the State University of Michigan: That henceforth in the selection of professors, instructors or other assistants for the university no distinction shall be made between men and women, but that the applicant best fitted for the position shall receive the appointment.

Ethel Gotrox: "Oh, Vladimir, they say you are a fortune-hunter, and are only marrying me for my wealth. Tell me that this is not true." Lord Dedbroke: "Why, my dearest, I would marry you if you were penniless." Ethel Gotrox: "Prove this, my own Vladimir, and I shall be absolutely happy." Lord Dedbroke: "Settle the whole of your vast fortune upon me, leave yourself destitute, and I will wed you in the face of the whole world.

Masculinities.

The higher a little man is lifted, the smaller he looks.

The grandfather of the Rothschilds did not own a penny in 1800.

The man who can smile and won't do it cheats others and robs himself.

Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, had a set of shirts which cost $50 apiece.

Mudie's circulating library in London has 2,500,000 books constantly in circulation and employs 178 people.

Prince Bismarck possesses 482 crosses and decorations. These, placed side by side, cover a space of 21 feet by several inches deep.

Samuel Edison, of Fort Gratiot, Mich., the father of Thomas A. Edison, though 90 years of age, is still in active possession of all his faculties.

Nicholas II., who becomes Czar at the age of 26, is the youngest sovereign in Europe with the exception of Alexander of Servia, who is only 18 years old.

Dr. Klein, of Cincinnati, has returned home from Berlin, where he had his nose, which had grown to enormous dimensions, reduced by a surgeon to its normal size.

Ethel: "Papa is glad to have you come, but he says you must start for home at 10 o'clock."

George: "That's all right, but when must I go?"

"Why do you make some of your dumplings small and the others large, Frau Huber?" "Because my husband has been complaining lately of having too little change in his diet.

Misses Judson and Lamson, of well-to-do Cleveland, Ohio, families, the former the daughter of a Judge, have joined the Salvation Army, and are living in the Army barracks in that city.

The Duke of Argyle, whose engagement to Miss Knox Little is announced in London, is over 70 and has been married twice already. His son, the Marquis of Lorne, married Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise.

A Boston "medium" gave a man a message from his mother the other night and tenderly kissed him. The man was a police inspector, his mother was at home, and the medium is now in jail for obtaining money under false pretences.

The Sultan of Turkey is one of the most enthusiastic chess players in Europe. He will play the game for hours without intermission, and will not allow any matter of State to interfere with the problem in which at the time he is engaged.

Mr. Gladstone has never promoted his eldest son, the Rector of Hawarden, or his son-in-law, Rev. Harry Drew. There is not a single member of the family, male or female, who does not earn his or her daily bread, and there is not a title among them.

On his Dorsetshire estate Lord Alington has a "white farm." It is so called because every animal on it is white. There are white horses, white cows, white donkeys, white hares from Siberia, and a white pigmy bull. The dogs and the cats are white, and so are the rats and mice.

The late Czar used to send an occasional order for a tweed suit to a Scotch tailor related to Catherine MacKennon, the Scotchwoman who was his devoted nurse in his childhood, and whom he took care of all his days. His son, the present Czar, is said to have lately remembered the Scotch tailor with an order.

A lady up-town has a little boy who has just reached the age where he is interesting. The other afternoon he was found sitting on the steps of the veranda looking very downcast, and his mother asked him what the trouble was. "We'll have to move away from here," he said. "Why?" asked his mother. "Oh, I've done up every kid in the block and there ain't any more fun here."

Humorous.

These ups and downs of life—ah, me!
How oft they fret the soul—
Downs as displayed in mercury;
Ups in the price of coal.

Refined spirits often get drunk.

Loafing in the streets—baker's wagons.

"Then, I suppose, Miss Strongmind, you and Mr. Sparrow are to be man and wife?" "No, sir; woman and husband."

A school caught fire, and, as the boys watched it, one in another school said enthusiastically to his companion: "Johnny, don't you wish it was ours?"

Maud: "Did you know young Golightly is awfully rich? Why, they say he has money to burn." Clara: "Has he? Oh, how I wish he'd take me for a match?"

"Beg pardon," said the missionary, "but will you translate his Majesty's remarks again? Did he tell his daughter that he was to have guests to dinner or for dinner?"

"Did you hear that Spifkins had lost his money in a submarine investment?" said Von Braam to Shingles. "What sort of an investment is that?" "He sunk it in a pool."

Jessie: "Why do they call the boys who sit up in the galleries gods?" Author: "To distinguish them from the devils who sit in the orchestra chairs and write criticisms."

Magistrate, to owner of unlicensed dog: "What kind of a beast is that?" Owner: "Just a common hound." Magistrate: "I'll make him a dear hound. Ten dollars and costs."

Mrs. Juddenheimers: "Oh, you was awfully ill, Isaac!" Juddenheimers: "Yes, Rebecca, but dere is von goot ting about it—I am getting the vort of my money out of the doctor."

Lady commercial, to her husband, who is rather cold to her: "John, the kisses you give me now are not up to the sample you gave me when you asked me to be yours. Is isn't business!"

Teacher: "What was the reason our ancestors did not have any knowledge of the earth being round? Speak out, Johnnie." Johnnie: "Perhaps it was because they didn't have any school globes in those days."

Traveler: "Hindoo magicians can be buried for years, and then come to life. Do you believe that?" Darwinian: "Might be. Perhaps some of their involuted ancestors intermarried with the seventeen year locusts."

He: "This ring, you know, is the emblem of eternity." She: "Yes, and the diamond on top is heavenly!" He: "But the ring that comes later will have no diamond." She: "N-o. I suppose the heavenly part will be over by that time."

"What is going to be played at the opera house to-morrow evening, Mr. McGinnis?" asked Mr. Longcoffin. "It ain't decided yet," replied McGinnis. "How is that?" "I don't know how it comes," said McGinnis, "but I read in the paper this morning that they were going to play 'Othello, or the Moor of Venice,' but it did not say which."

Business man: "I'll buy nothing more from you. The last suit of clothes you sold me shrank terribly after a single shower of rain. The coat now doesn't reach as far as the waist, and the trousers are up to my knee." Traveling salesman: "Then you have a first-class bicycle suit, and the best thing you can do is to buy a wheel."

"It do blow a little sometimes out in Kansas," said the man with the far-away look that comes to those who are accustomed to gazing across broad prairies. "Yes," assented the fat man. "Yes. I remember once when it blowed so hard that I couldn't see the barn that was less'n a hundred yards away." "Air so full of snow or dust?" "Neither one. Air was as clear as could be. It jist simply blowed so hard that the sight of the barn was blowed away 'fore it could reach me. I was lookin' straight acroet the wind at the time, you see."

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Recent Book Issues.

PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for December opens a new volume of this popular magazine for Sunday and general reading with a table of contents of notable interest. The opening chapters of two new serial stories are given. There are three good short stories, one—"Ten to One"—for the children, and the Sunday reading is of an excellent variety. A very beautiful colored frontispiece is entitled "A Daughter of the King." Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine for December will be a welcome friend in any intelligent family for its literary and artistic attractions. The stories are of the best, and the miscellaneous articles cover a wide range of interesting subjects of a descriptive character, on travel, adventure, history, etc. Published at New York.

"The Century" for December is a Christmas number, and its features are numerous and striking. Of the illustrations twenty-five are full-page, and of these nine relate either to the religious or domestic festival. There are Christmas stories by Sarah Orne Jewett, Grace Wilbur Conant and Ruth McEnery Stuart, and other stories, essays, poems and miscellany relating to subjects more or less closely allied to the season. The second part of Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte deals with Napoleon at the beginning of the Revolution. Rudyard Kipling's first American story, "A Walking Delegate," is wholly in a new vein. There is also a timely article on the Italian Premier Crispi. The Century Co., New York.

WITH FANCIFUL TASTES.

THERE is more variety in the work of modelers in plaster, or formatori, as the Italians in the trade term themselves, than is generally supposed," remarked a successful figure-maker of my acquaintance one day recently, when I was having a look round his shop. "Now, who do you think I have done this hand for?" he asked, showing me a cast of an exquisitely formed female hand.

I suggested that it was probably executed for some portrait painter. Artists, it is well known, often copy hands from a cast when those of a patron are not shapely enough to bear reproduction.

"Not in this case," he replied. "This is the model of the hand of a young lady who is going abroad for a twelvemonth. She has had it cast to present to her sweetheart, so that he may have something to remind him of her. The idea is rather popular with engaged couples who are to be separated for a time."

"And has this cast of a man's foot been executed for a similar purpose?" I inquired, indicating the representation of a masculine pedal appendage of more than average size.

"Not quite," responded my informant, smiling. "It's an accurate copy of a certain clergyman's left foot. The foot being very large, and somewhat peculiar in shape, he could never get boots made to fit him comfortably. Accordingly, he has had a cast taken of his foot in order that his shoemaker may have a 'last' made from it.

"Plaster-of-Paris is extensively used in the hospitals nowadays, as many a football player, who has had an accident, can testify. After the broken leg or arm has been bandaged, it is coated with plaster, which 'sets' quickly, and keeps the member rigid until the cure is effected.

"Doctors—especially those who lecture on surgery—frequently employ us to make models of skulls and distorted limbs. But we have pleasanter work; as, for instance, when some art student who dabbles in modeling brings us a half-completed bust or figure to trim and finish.

"I had a rather fastidious customer lately, a young gentleman employed in one of the principal insurance offices, who is an amateur athlete. He is very proud of his muscular arm and well-developed figure, and he wished to have them modeled in plaster. He was extremely difficult to please; he thought I didn't make his clenched fist sufficiently large.

"However, I satisfied him at last. I did his chest, back and right arm—each in a separate piece, of course—and then, by his desire, I covered them with a dazzling coat of gold paint.

"How do we take masks of the dead? Well, the process is simple. First, we oil the face, taking special care to thoroughly moisten the hair round the temples and the beard or moustache, and then we pour on plaster-of-Paris. The plaster hardens in about ten minutes, and when it begins to get firm you can feel it getting quite warm. The oil prevents the plaster adhering to the flesh and hair, and when it has hardened it comes off easily, and forms the matrix.

"Into this matrix we pour just enough plaster, mixed with yellow ochre, to thinly cover the features, and when that has become solid, a second application of white plaster. The mould is afterwards chipped away, then the yellow coating, which serves to show the outline of the features, is carefully chiseled off, and there you have the true plaster presentment of the face.

"A mask of a living person is taken by the same process, but, as a rule, by 'piece-moulding;' that is, one side of the face is first done, a straw being inserted in the nostril to assist the person to breathe. Then the other side is done, and the two pieces joined together form the mould."

"You must use a great deal of clay in the course of your work."

"Not at all. We use it over and over again. I know an eminent sculptor who models with the same clay as his father did before him. That clay is at least fifty years old."

DRAWING THE LINE.—A clever girl, who would make a sensation in society if fate had been a little more kind to her in a material way, lives on a side street and is a constant source of amusement and joy to her little circle of friends. This girl has brains and good looks, and, what is better, originality, but she is compelled very often to walk because she has no car fare. She amuses herself with all sorts of things that other girls seldom think of. Her latest exploit is a class of Chinamen, into whose wooden heads she is endeavoring to inject a faint idea of the limitations of the English language and incidentally the Christian religion.

In her class, on a recent Sunday, she was giving Ching Poi an object lesson on the wonderful creations of God.

"See, Ching," she said, "see this beautiful rose. God made this rose. He made it to look pretty and smell sweet. God made all things, Ching. He make you and he made me. Now tell me, Ching, who made roses?"

Ching grinned and said, "God, he makes lose."

"That's right, Ching. Now, why did he make the rose?"

"He makes lose to look pletty and smellee sweet."

"That's right, who made you, Ching?"

"God makes me," replied Ching. "He makes me to look pletty and smellee sweet."

She is endeavoring to teach the Chinamen a few other things, but will let personal similes with the rose rest for awhile.

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

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Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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